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THE CASE OF THE GREAT TOWNS.

THE farmers of Aylesbury have frequently gathered to dine or to meet with some noteworthy political results, and though the meeting of last Wednesday will scarcely rank very prominently in the fasti of the doomed borough, still it was an interesting meeting. Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who owes his political existence (and perhaps his material existence likewise) to the fact that we have a House of Lords, appears to think that that institution has done its work in producing him, and ought, therefore, to be abolished. But the hereditary principle had amends made to it by Sir CHARLES DILKE's allusion to a long line of his ancestors who repose in Burnham churchyard. After this Sir CHARLES repeated the customary Government account of the compromise (against which there is nothing to be said except that it is unfortunately not in harmony with historical facts), eulogized single-member districts, and proceeded to fall foul of the *Saturday Review*. Certainly we do not expect Sir CHARLES DILKE to agree with us. But, as he has plenty of good political money, so far as argument goes, in his pocket, it is a pity that he should try to pass money of such doubtful value as garbled quotation. He should leave Birmingham coin to Birmingham. In the first place, the *Saturday Review*, so far from "trying to get up a scare against 'single-member districts,'" pointed out that jubilation and trepidation were equally unwise. In the second place, Sir CHARLES DILKE, in glorifying his friend Mr. JESSE COLLINGS (who seems to have been brought in very much by the head and shoulders), omitted half the sentence he quoted. The *Saturday Review* remarked that the new districts might send "men of the type of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS" or "men of the type of the late Mr. FAWCETT." It was left to readers to distribute the parts of honest man and thief. As Sir CHARLES DILKE is so sure that Mr. COLLINGS is the honest man (his colleague, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, in a letter to the *Daily News* of Wednesday, speaks much less enthusiastically of the member for Ipswich), we are, after his own fashion of argument, entitled to consider that he regards the lamented member for Hackney as an instance of the type which the new districts should not return. But we do not pay false coin with false coin; and we prefer to thank Sir CHARLES for his acknowledgment of the palpableness of our hit.

So far, however, as the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD dealt with the outcry against single-member districts, he dealt with a subject which is of no small importance. It will probably not be very easy to determine, until the approach of the end of the Parliamentary recess, what are the respective probabilities of the acceptance of the Redistribution Bill as a whole and of its modification in any considerable degree. Speaking roughly, the constituencies created, maintained, or reorganized at this new political departure fall into four classes—the small one-member boroughs, the large two-member boroughs, the still larger boroughs which are to be divided into one-member districts, and the new county divisions, which, strongly resembling as constituencies under the Redistribution Bill merely the old rural boroughs, are differentiated from them as far as the Franchise Bill is concerned by the existence of the property vote. With regard to three of these classes there has been very little evidence of any revolt or difference of opinion. Most of the dying boroughs were prepared for the inevitable, and those which survive in a mutilated con-

dition are of the opinion of MÆCENAS, and distinctly prefer mutilation to extinction. If the attempt to raise the limit of disfranchisement to twenty thousand were persevered with, there might be a more serious feeling in this class; but such a raising is not at present likely to be proposed by any person of the slightest weight in Parliament. The two-membered constituencies, though many of them are in proportion treated rather shabbily, are happy in being let alone. As to the new county divisions, they are still *dans le néant*, or at most souls waiting for embodiment, and without any organ of expression. There remains the important class of the large boroughs, existing or to be created, under the system of single-member divisions; and in this class it is impossible to say that the same approval or the same absence of disapproval exists. On the contrary, a very strong feeling of disapproval has been manifested already, and it depends very much on the will and the tact of such opponents of the Bill as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and Mr. COURTNEY whether, during the two months which will pass before Parliament meets again, this disapproval ends in a formal opposition to the one-member system in large boroughs or not.

The lead in the protest against division has been taken by Manchester, but the same feeling exists very strongly at Leeds, and appears to be entertained to some extent at Birmingham. If Liverpool is quoted on the other side, it is due merely to the fact that the scheme is believed to be in great part the invention of a prominent local politician in that town who calls himself a Tory; though some of the results of his connexion with Liverpool Toryism have been scarcely such as to recommend him to the party. It is, moreover, understood that no few Liverpool Conservatives and many Liberals feel the same distaste to the proposed *moreclement* which is felt by all prominent politicians on both sides at Manchester and, more or less, in the great towns throughout the country. We confess that we are unable to discern anything ludicrous, as one London newspaper has discerned it, in the disinclination of men who have grown to take an interest in their city or town as a town or city to see its political identity and unity lost in a wilderness of wards. But the sense of humour possessed by the *Times* has always been peculiar. Putting aside, however, the question whether it is absurd in a Manchester man to have a sentimental liking for Manchester, and in a Liverpool man to prefer being represented by the member for Liverpool rather than by the member for Scotland Road or the member for Prince's Landing-stage, the question whether these undoubtedly respectable feelings can be met in any practical fashion is that which must be practically dealt with. And here the preposterous device which has been suggested in some quarters—that each large borough should choose its own mode of representation—may be dismissed at the outset. If any political leader were so ill advised as to consent to such a plan it could not possibly work, and it would introduce an anomaly more anomalous than any of those which are being done away with. The only way in which the Bill could be altered so as to meet the wishes of the large towns would be by establishing a new and uniform method of voting for all boroughs returning more than two members, whether metropolitan or provincial. In this there would be at least no greater anomaly than there is left between the single-member and the double-member constituencies, and on grounds of symmetry little could be said against it.

But there is only one means by which this scheme could be carried out with any prospect of success, and that is the cumulative vote. In the use of that vote there are none of the difficulties which have made proportional representation a by-word. It is already familiar in School Board elections to most of those who would be politically invested with it, and though it cannot be said that its results in those elections have been particularly encouraging, yet, considering the apathy of voters and the scant attractiveness of the position to members, the results have not been so bad as they might have been. We are, however, by no means arguing for the cumulative vote; we are merely pointing out that, if the advocates of proportional representation and the advocates of the unity of the large towns wish to make any valid fight at all, the cumulative vote is the only battle-horse on which they have the least chance of fighting with success. Perhaps even that chance is not very great. Radicals, as Sir CHARLES DILKE has shown, detest the cumulative vote because of the freedom of choice and action which it leaves to individuals, and the protection it gives to minorities. Mr. BRIGHT's delightful horror at that wretched Roman Catholic priest who managed somewhere to get in at the top of the poll is no doubt shared by many of Mr. BRIGHT's political co-religionists. It is undeniable, too, that the cumulative vote would make it easier for some very objectionable persons—Irish Nationalists, anti-vaccinationists, the followers of that amiable Christian, the Rev. DAWSON BURNS, whose Gospel reads, "If any be thirsty let him be thirsty still," Georgites, syphilophilists, and the like—to get into Parliament, a disagreeable consequence from which, however, the single-member district system is far from being wholly free. Moreover, it remains to be seen whether the various devotees of proportional representation who apparently at present hug each his own doxy with an ardour incomprehensible to outsiders will consent to give the dear creature up for another. Lastly it remains also to be seen whether in the places affected, including London (for it would be impossible to leave London out with any chance of success), sufficient unanimity of opinion can be elicited to make a formidable show in Parliament. These are the matters which the advocates of municipal unity in political representation have to consider, and we shall watch with a benevolent interest the results of their consideration. There is, perhaps, one fallacy to which they will do well to direct their attention, as it has already been expressed more than once. Some ignorant Radicals go about saying that it is a shame that one man should have double or treble as many times the voting power of another, and that, if cumulative voting were adopted, a Liverpool voter would have nine times the voting power of a Wigan voter. Of course he would have nothing of the kind, but simply nine distributable ninths of a vote instead of an undistributed plumper. The fallacy is so gross that it needs no exposition, but merely indication. Yet, as it has been more than once enunciated in the discussion already, it seems as well that it should be indicated.

THE MIGNONETTE.

THE sentence of death passed upon DUDLEY and STEPHENS by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has already been resented by the SECRETARY OF STATE. No one, of course, supposed for an instant that it would be carried out. The really important point was that the conduct of the prisoners should be authoritatively pronounced the gravest of crimes, and that course has been followed with all due solemnity. Nothing, indeed, could have been more striking and impressive than Tuesday's ceremony. The substance of what occurred was striking. The manner in which it was done was impressive. The highest Court of criminal justice in the realm assembled to give its reasons for answering in a particular way a question of momentous gravity. It is not too much to say that, if any doubt had been suffered to remain as to the legal interpretation of the facts found by the jury, the result would have been disastrous to society, and most injurious to the reputation of English law. We are happily not bound, and we therefore shall not attempt to repeat any portion of the evidence which was given at the trial. Most people are acquainted with the leading facts, and all those who know them must wish that they had never heard of them. Enough in this place to say that DUDLEY and STEPHENS, being reduced to the last extremity of hunger by famine, "deliberately and of their 'malice aforethought'" took the life of RICHARD PARKER in

order to prolong their own. A moralist might dismiss the sickly speculations raised in some quarters over the story with the immortal lines of the poet who was so great a satirist because he was so much besides—

Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

A judicial tribunal is, however, bound by the narrower and more arbitrary rules of precedent and usage. We may perhaps congratulate ourselves as Englishmen on the fact that from first to last no authority worthy of the name has been adduced from the annals of English jurisprudence by the learned and able counsel for the prisoners. Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON, before whom they were tried at the Exeter Assizes, was clear and unfaltering in his direction to the jury, and it is understood that he only invited them to return a special verdict, because he found that their sympathy with the sufferings of these poor men might warp their sense of justice, and interfere with their obedience to the law. When the matter first came up for consideration before the Queen's Bench Division, the Judges stopped the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who appeared for the Crown, and desired at once to hear what could be said in support of the novel and dangerous propositions advanced for the defence. At the conclusion of Mr. COLLINS's argument, they intimated that their opinion in favour of a conviction was unshaken, but they took time to decide in what form their reasons might best be presented. The result of the delay was the judgment of the Court delivered by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE on Tuesday.

The document then read by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND is in every respect worthy of his high office and of this serious occasion. In gravity, in dignity, and in subdued eloquence, it could not well be surpassed. There is nothing pharisaical or over-nice, nothing puritanical or overstrained, in Lord COLERIDGE's exhaustive and conclusive vindication of first principles. He made every allowance for the infirmities of human nature. He spoke of the prisoners with a careful abstinence from unreflecting or indiscriminate harshness. He alluded with real pathos to the weakness of frail mortality in circumstances of overwhelming horror. But not the less he did his duty as the head of the criminal law in laying down the unassailable doctrine that wilful homicide, not committed in self-defence against a wrongful act, is murder. It will be found, we think, that that simple statement disposes of the entire controversy. As an instance of the argument *à fortiori*, nothing could well be stronger than Lord COLERIDGE's analogy from Sir MATTHEW HALE. "If a person," says that illustrious Judge, "being under necessity for want of victuals or clothes, shall upon that account clandestinely and *animo furandi* steal another's goods, it is felony, and a crime by the law of England punishable with death." Lord COLERIDGE might well ask what Sir MATTHEW HALE, who held that hunger did not excuse larceny, would have thought of the theory that it was a justification for murder. We are almost ashamed to discuss BACON's famous instance of the two men on a plank. As it occurs in the same passage with the words "If a man steals viands to satisfy his 'present hunger, this is no felony or larceny,'" it cannot be regarded as of any real weight. The truth seems to be that as BACON, according to HARVEY, wrote of science like a Lord Chancellor, so he sometimes wrote of law like an essayist or philosopher rather than a lawyer. Mr. Justice STEPHEN was cited by counsel as upholding Bacon's view, and his language is undeniably vague. But, as he says that he did not mean it to include such a case as this, the Court was not compelled formally to differ from him. No other text-writer could even plausibly be quoted in defence of DUDLEY and STEPHENS. The extreme caution of the Criminal Code Commissioners makes it impossible for either side to rely upon them. "We are not prepared to suggest," they say, "that necessity should in every case be a justification. We are equally unprepared to suggest that necessity should in no case be a defence." From such phrases so employed no conclusion can be drawn. Mr. BROWNING's fine poem, "Ivan Ivanovitch," is a better guide than these elegant platitudes.

It is remarkable, but it is the fact, that no such case as that of DUDLEY and STEPHENS has ever been tried in an English court before. The efforts of counsel to produce parallels wholly failed. The supposed instance of the "seven English sailors," alleged to have been acquitted, in similar circumstances, is worth nothing at all. It is to be found in PUFFENDORF, and in the Commentary on GROTIUS; but, when traced to its source, resolves itself into the

rumoured dictum of a judge in the island of St. Kitt's, delivered nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, when St. Kitt's belonged partly to England, partly to France. Then there is a case which, if the subject were not so dreadful, might be called ludicrous, and which may be found in *WHARTON* on Homicide. There it was held by an American judge that sailors had no right to throw passengers overboard, because the persons so treated ought to be chosen by ballot. This method of selection would, in the opinion of the American judge, be a form of appealing to Providence; and we need not waste any more words on such blasphemous absurdity. Lord MANSFIELD's decision that the Governor of Madras was once rightly deposed by his Council was cited in argument, but is about as relevant as the copybook maxim that necessity (like the American judge already mentioned) knows no law. The Court, constituted, besides the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, of his four most experienced colleagues, was really driven back to the elementary considerations on which all civilized systems of jurisprudence profess to be founded. To protect the rights of the weak when confronted by the violence of the strong, is one of the objects for which all law exists. If DUDLEY and STEPHENS had been acquitted, it is impossible to measure the consequences which might have followed. It would have been proclaimed from the very temple and sanctuary of justice that might meant right, that men could be judges in their own cause, that self-preservation excuses everything, that for the helpless the only prospect was oppression and contempt. DUDLEY and STEPHENS committed a very base and wicked act. Their sufferings have been graphically depicted, and it would probably be difficult to exaggerate them. Those who sit at home at ease should not, it is said, condemn men subject to privations which are beyond description or imagination. This seems to us a fallacious plea. What any one would do in a given situation is a question which human tribunals cannot, and are not asked to, solve. "We are often," said Lord COLERIDGE truly and finely, "we are often compelled to set up standards 'we cannot reach ourselves, and to lay down rules which 'we could not ourselves satisfy." But the depositaries of power must hold fast to principles without which the earth would indeed be full of darkness and cruel habitations.

LEGISLATION BY COMPROMISE.

THE late compromise or truce between the two parties, as represented by their leaders, may be considered either with reference to the special merits of the joint arrangement, or as a novelty, destined perhaps to be a precedent, in the conduct of public business. There can be no doubt that the settlement of a grave controversy is approved by a great preponderance of opinion. The conflict might have been prolonged; but in the long run the friends of the Constitution could not have secured more favourable terms. Opposition to the Bill which is far the more important of the two, had been judiciously, though unwillingly, abandoned in the last Session, and it was obviously inevitable that any plan of Redistribution would still further increase the power of the numerical majority. Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in their conduct of the negotiations threw nothing away which it was possible to retain; and they have secured to their party a freedom of action which might have been compromised by an obstinate and hopeless resistance. The Conservatives, though their numbers may be diminished, and though their prospect of office will be remote, have no temptation and no disposition to follow the absurd and discreditable example of the reactionary parties in the French Republic. The Legitimists and Bonapartists who habitually vote for the proposals of Jacobins and Socialists will find no imitators in England. The friends of order, having shared in the establishment of the new Constitution, will do their utmost to cause it to be administered on their own principles, instead of trying to reduce it to extravagance and impossibility. Irresponsible partisans who may from time to time coalesce with the Irish Nationalists will not be aided or countenanced by their leaders.

It is not to be regretted that the Opposition had no means of forcing a dissolution. If any other issue had been raised than that of a wide extension of the suffrage, an appeal to the constituency might perhaps have reversed the position of parties. The uniform miscarriage of the foreign and colonial policy of the Government must have caused widespread dissatisfaction; and the Government might perhaps

have been successfully attacked if the public attention had not been diverted to the Franchise Bill. It is true that Mr. TREVELYAN, with perverse ingenuity, reverses the relation of domestic and foreign politics; but he may be certain that the critics of the Majuba capitulation and the Suakin expedition were thinking of South Africa or of Egypt and not of household suffrage. The general feeling of resentment and distrust has only been restrained from public utterance by the excitement of the Franchise Bill and its attendant measure; but, as soon as the Government proposed to create an additional electorate of three millions, the actual voters would have been unable to deliver a conclusive verdict. The Conservatives, if they had obtained a majority at a general election, would have immediately encountered a popular denial of the competency of an unreformed Parliament to determine the party struggle. The mass of claimants of the franchise united with a large minority of the existing constituency would have given strength to a formidable agitation; and eventually even a Conservative Government would have been forced to propose the extension of household suffrage to counties. The course of events has been less disastrous, though the result may justify grave uneasiness. The Opposition has, through the prudent and skilful conduct of its leaders, asserted its just claim to exercise an influence over policy and legislation. The various provisions of the Redistribution Bill cannot yet be confidently assigned to their respective authors; but it is certain that the Conservatives have gained more than they would have secured by obstinate resistance.

There is, of course, another side to the question. In political controversies it is possible that extreme parties may be in the right; but the contingency is exceptional, and it is easier to repair the fault of undue moderation than to correct the results of violence and passion. It is perhaps doubtful whether the first Reform Bill would have been rendered more innocuous if the waverers, as they were called, had succeeded in persuading Lord GREY to introduce the modifications which would have induced them to withdraw their opposition. Lord MELBOURNE, who thoroughly disliked all projects of Parliamentary Reform, declared that if a Bill of the kind was to be passed, it ought to be comprehensive and bold. The Duke of WELLINGTON thought it possible to raise the franchise and to reduce the number of Metropolitan boroughs. Sir ROBERT PEEL steadily refused to become in any form responsible for a measure which by an error in political perspective he regarded as the immediate precursor of revolution. On the whole, it may now be asserted that a sweeping Reform Bill was then to be preferred to a tentative and hesitating measure. On the present occasion there was no dispute as to the provisions of the Franchise Bill, if it were once assumed that legislation on the subject was expedient. The introduction of household suffrage for boroughs in 1867 finally determined the county franchise as soon as the country should resolve on a further change. The Redistribution Bill, on the other hand, necessarily consisted of details which were eminently adapted to discussion, and therefore to compromise. There could be no rigid principle in the limit of population which was to entitle a constituency to separate representation.

There is no doubt that the generous boldness of Mr. GLADSTONE's overtures to the leaders of the Opposition gave great offence to some of his supporters. The settlement of a grave controversy by friendly intercourse is a breach or an interruption of the ordinary conduct of party warfare. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE had publicly and repeatedly offered to the Opposition a share in the process of Redistribution; but, nevertheless, the formal visits of Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to Downing Street greatly disturbed the complacency of the ultra-Radical faction. No class of politician is narrower or more bigoted in its adherence to familiar traditions; and it could not be denied that the negotiations were incompatible with the received theory and practice of government by party. To many zealots victory is more acceptable than its prize; and even a democratic scheme of Redistribution would have been discredited by its connexion with an agreement among habitual antagonists. Even on the Conservative side there were some audible murmurs; but well-informed members of the party had no difficulty in discovering precedents for judicious moderation. The repeal of the Corn-laws was carried through the House of Lords by the wisdom and authority of the Duke of WELLINGTON, although nearly all the peers, including their great leader himself, disapproved of the actual

measure. The disestablishment of the Irish Church was rendered possible by the concert of Lord CAIRNS with Mr. DISRAELI, notwithstanding the excusable indignation of Lord DERBY. The joint introduction of the Redistribution Bill is a more satisfactory arrangement both for the Conservative party and for the House of Lords.

More questionable arrangements have sometimes been made by Ministers and leaders of Opposition for personal reasons. In 1857 Lord DERBY's Government through Sir EDWARD LYTON, then Secretary for the Colonies, were anxious to ratify and perpetuate the alliance which Mr. GLADSTONE was then inclined to form with the Conservative party. For this purpose they devised the fantastic and probably illegal scheme of appointing him an Extraordinary Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and they afterwards gravely received and deposited in some suitable pigeon-hole an elaborate Report in which he proposed to redress the grievances of the protected Republic by giving facilities for the impeachment of future High Commissioners. No absurd mission ever produced a more ridiculous result; but, if Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct had been more practically important, Parliament would have been ousted of its control over public policy. Lord DERBY and Sir EDWARD LYTON could not disavow their agent; and Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, then leaders of the Opposition, took good care not to drive Mr. GLADSTONE permanently into the hostile ranks by questioning his Ionian policy. Their prudence was rewarded by his acceptance in 1859 of office in a Liberal Government. In the previous year he had canvassed the county of Flint for a Conservative candidate. Many years afterwards Mr. GLADSTONE, remembering, perhaps, the experiment on his own party allegiance, induced Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to accept the office of Second Commissioner in the negotiation which resulted in the humiliating Treaty of Washington. The result in this instance was the same; for the Opposition was precluded from criticizing the treaty through natural unwillingness to censure one of its most respected leaders. It is, of course, not known whether Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may have been outvoted by his colleagues, all of whom were his political opponents. There is no doubt that he accepted the office of Commissioner under a sense of duty, in the hope of rendering public service; but he occupied a false position in sharing a responsibility which would certainly not be exacted by his own habitual allies. Independent criticism is the most characteristic and most useful function of a party in Opposition. In the two instances which have been mentioned, the Government protected itself by an illegitimate contrivance against the risk of Parliamentary censure. The late participation of the Opposition leaders in the settlement of the Redistribution Bill bore a different and more satisfactory character. Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE represented their own party, and not the Government, with which they dealt on equal terms. They also performed, on behalf of the Opposition, the duty of criticism which in the circumstances would have been less efficiently discharged in public debate.

THE SAUCY *TYBURNIA*.

WE have a lively sympathy with the Captain, crew, and passengers of the trading yacht *Tyburnia*. This vessel, which has been chartered by the Pleasure Sailing Yacht Company, is roaming about the world in search of adventures and money in a fine old-world style. What success she has had in earning money we do not know; but the adventures have begun already. The *Tyburnia* is carrying sixteen passengers, four of them ladies, and a cargo of notions to help to pay her way. New Orleans is her ultimate destination, and it is to be reached by way of the Spanish Main. The plan of the voyage reflects the highest credit on the imagination of the ingenious man who conceived it. Much honour is also due to the passengers who preferred roaming at large in this fashion to slavishly running from port to port in a steamer. To make everything perfect a captain has been chosen who has been well trained in the more risky kinds of trading. Captain KENNALEY is an old blockade-runner, and has doubtless learned how nice it is to make a little money out of the ordinary way of business. His passengers are manifestly not the cold-blooded sort of people who would discourage him from any enterprise of an exciting character.

With all the elements of an adventure on board, the

Tyburnia sailed into a most appropriate place. About the middle of November she reached Madeira. Captain KENNALEY, who obviously knows his Portuguese custom-house, informed the authorities that he had not come to trade, but was merely on his way to Jamaica with passengers and in ballast. The Spanish and Portuguese Custom-houses, as everybody who has the misfortune to have dealings with them knows, are organized to serve a double purpose. The first is to make honest trade as difficult as possible by multiplying regulations. The second is to put money into the pockets of the officials by means of fines and bribes, made necessary by the said regulations. As Captain KENNALEY had naturally no wish to pay either fine or bribe, he declared his ship in ballast, and waited till his passengers had seen enough of Madeira. Then he found a purchaser for some of his notions, and innocently asked when he could send them into the Custom-house. Now, as so experienced a seaman must have been well aware, a vessel which is going to do trade in a Spanish or Portuguese port is required to make a statement as to the nature of her cargo, whether it is to be landed or not. He cannot, therefore, have been much surprised when the Portuguese Customs officials flew into something like a rage at this sudden change in the *Tyburnia*'s character, and began to talk of fines and bring accusations of smuggling. The thing was utterly informal, and presented far too good an opportunity to gentlemen who live chiefly by mulcting foreign traders. Perhaps Captain KENNALEY thought he had put the Custom-house in a difficulty; perhaps he trusted his purchaser on shore to do the necessary bribing. If so, he was disappointed. Permission to land the cargo was refused, and the *Tyburnia* was threatened with an embargo, a lawsuit, and a fine. It was a weakness in the Captain not to have smuggled his goods on shore already; but with this one exception his behaviour was worthy of a British seaman. He called his passengers together and announced his intention of clearing out in spite of the Custom-house. According to one report, he informed the Portuguese authorities that if any carbineer or other agent came on board the *Tyburnia* to enforce the embargo he should be thrown into the water. As he is obviously the man to keep his word, no Portuguese was sent near his vessel. The authorities took the vigorous course of threatening to fire on him from the Loo Rock. But Captain KENNALEY had seen many others outside Charleston, and the others were better armed than the Loo Rock. This formidable fort is armed with 32-pounders, which were there when Captain Cook visited Madeira. Two breech-loaders have been added lately; but it is confidently asserted that no Portuguese knows how to use them. One of the 32-pounders, an unruly brass piece, lately distinguished itself by kicking its gunner over the parapet into the sea, a hundred feet below. Such guns and such gunners were not likely to stop an old blockade-runner. Accordingly, soon after midnight on the 3rd of December, by the light of the moon, the *Tyburnia* prepared to go to sea, in high and temerarious defiance of the Portuguese authorities and their fort. The scene which ensued must have been comic in the extreme. The Loo Rock fired three blank cartridges, and, when no attention was paid to them, opened with ball. Strange to say, one shot did manage to cut the barque's bowsprit rigging; but after that the guns banged away for an hour, according to one witness, and hit nothing. The *Tyburnia* stood coolly out to sea under this terrible cannonade, with the lady passengers waving pocket-handkerchiefs on the deck. At last a Portuguese official, whom we perceive to be a man of sense, declined to waste any more of His Faithful Majesty's ammunition in this futile way, and would serve out no more powder, an action for which we are concerned, but not surprised, to hear that he has been put under arrest. The saucy *Tyburnia* sailed off to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, where she will be quite at home.

This is a very pretty story, and we are glad to get another proof that the spirit of Captain JENKINS of the *Earl of Albion* is not extinct in the merchant service. If there is a proper sense of fun left in this country, the adventures of the *Tyburnia* ought to prove an excellent advertisement to the Pleasure Sailing Yacht Company. How the Foreign Offices in Lisbon and Downing Street will look at it is another thing. Admirably as Captain KENNALEY behaved from one point of view, we are afraid that his conduct was not altogether according to comity. Downing Street is very likely to insist that, as the *Tyburnia* went into a Portuguese port, she was bound to submit to the law of the country. It is

true that the Custom-house regulations of that country and of the "madhouse over the border," commonly called Spain, are insufferably vexatious. They are worked for the exclusive benefit of greedy and ill-paid officials. Europe would not tolerate them for a week if they were enforced by China or Japan. But, unhappily, Spain and Portugal and Spanish South America are theoretically very different from China and Japan. By the courtesy of nations they are supposed to be civilized Powers, and must be treated accordingly. Their municipal law must be submitted to by ships in their waters, and their Courts must be accepted as administering law. Indignant Englishmen writing from Madeira may pardonably talk of the action of the Portuguese authorities as a violation of all right, and as nothing less than an act of war. That is the natural sentiment of men who are irritated by the erratic conduct of barbarians slightly varnished over by civilization. We have a hearty sympathy with Captain KENNALEY and all Englishmen in his position who take a good opportunity to snap their fingers at bribe-taking Custom-house officials. The feeling, however, is not one which can be expressed by Government action, unless the Portuguese have broken their own laws and committed acts of pure violence. It does not appear that this was the case at Madeira. Captain KENNALEY may have acted in ignorance, but that, as everybody knows, is not an excuse for breaking the law. Moreover, for what does H.B.M. Consul exist except for the purpose of enlightening the mind of the British skipper? Captain KENNALEY should have applied to his "counsel," as he probably calls him. His conduct was in many ways admirable, but it was highly irregular. All the British Government can do is not to help the Portuguese to catch him, and it is not likely to fail in that respect. During the rest of his cruise Captain KENNALEY will take care to keep the *Tyburnia* out of a Portuguese port, and as long as he does that he is safe. He may be very well satisfied. He has got off triumphantly after making the Portuguese supremely ridiculous. Other skippers in command of vessels belonging to the Pleasure Sailing Yacht Company will, however, do well to keep out of Madeira, for they will run a considerable risk of being seized to pay for the *Tyburnia*.

EGYPT.

THE application of Russia and Germany for representations on the Caisse is a very serious matter; and it is not less serious because made just when the Egyptian Courts have, as was expected, given judgment against the suspension of the Sinking Fund. They have given it in a peculiarly embarrassing fashion by making certain high departmental officials personally responsible. It is believed, or rather known, that appeal will not reverse this judgment; and a natural impatience is being manifested at the complete silence of the English Government. That Government has, of course, made proposals to the Powers; but the Powers seem to be in no hurry to reply, though the application above referred to does not augur well for their reply when it comes. It seems, however, to be forgotten that the English Government, when it encouraged or obliged NUBAR PASHA to take the step which has been condemned by the tribunals, could not possibly have acted in such a way under the mere expectation that a scheme would be formed and would be submitted and would be approved at an indefinite period in the future. That would be the conduct of persons unacquainted with business and unprovided with the commonest common sense, and of course no one can have the right to apply such terms to HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. Further, it is to be observed that the polite and improbable acceptance of the revised NORTHBROOK proposals to-morrow would not put an end to the technical difficulties in which the suspension of the Sinking Fund and the consequent action of the Courts have landed the Egyptian Government. It will not pay the sums with which MR. LE MESURIER and M. CAILLARD and other high personages have been surcharged, nor will it acquit the Government of having done what its own Courts—or Courts which it recognizes—pronounce rightly or wrongly to be an illegal action. We must, therefore, suppose, in default of the hypothesis above stated as to the business aptitudes and intellectual equipment of MR. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, that the action taken in reference to the Sinking Fund was independent of the possible fate of the larger financial proposals. It has been pointed out here, and the argument has been adopted by others, that there is no obvious difficulty, save one, in the

way of simple neglect of this judgment of the Courts. If they have not acted *ultra vires*, they have certainly given a decision which they have no means of enforcing, and there is nothing to do except to leave the judgment unenforced. According to Egyptian intelligence from the best-informed sources, this is the course which will actually be adopted; and there is no reason to quarrel with it. But it is to be hoped that the reason assigned in some quarters, that fifty-seven days are in any case allowed for appeal, has not been the only one to influence Sir EVELYN BARING, his Government, and those whom he governs. A mere gaining of time is nothing, if only because of the considerations just advanced. If the plan of ignoring the Courts is adopted, it should be adopted with a view to something else than a respite of fifty-seven days. Yet it must be allowed that a "policy of respite" might be a not unduly epigrammatic description of the policy of HER MAJESTY's Government.

It has been said that there are no difficulties in the way save one—that one being the possible interference of some foreign Power. The foreign Power is, of course, ready enough on the lips of objectors; it is the Power which is represented by, or rather which is, Prince BISMARCK, and the action just reported in reference to the Caisse will no doubt strengthen the objection. Now it is unnecessary to discuss the general question whether there is not at the present moment a slight tendency to Bismarck-on-the-brain among some very estimable persons at home and abroad. There are many excuses for this tendency, the first and foremost being the almost incredible mismanagement of the present English Government. Timid persons who are aware that their natural protectors have just lost several hundred miles of the world's coast line by simply neglecting to answer a letter; that they have blundered into a Conference out of which England can hardly come without some disadvantage, though it may not be great; and that on two different occasions they have been saved by the narrowest margin from falling into the toils first of M. DE LESSEPS, and then of M. WADDINGTON, may well feel uncomfortable when they also remember that there is such a bold buccaneer as Prince BISMARCK looking about for unconsidered trifles. Egypt, however, is hardly in this category, and the German dictator's own words should be sufficient to reassure fearful Englishmen. We possess Egypt, and we did not possess (though it was our own fault that we did not) the West African ports and seaboard which the bold buccaneer has (to mix metaphors) cut out so cleverly from under our guns. If Lord GRANVILLE or Lord DERBY had not thought it beneath him to answer letters about a trumpery hundred leagues of coast, if Consul HEWETT had been as careless about heating the bearings of his engine as Dr. NACHTIGAL, the West African shore would have been less parti-coloured than it will be in the next editions of the atlases. But in Egypt we are there; and in a very tangible and considerable form. Supposing, indeed, that Prince BISMARCK desired to pick a real quarrel with England, the so called Law of Liquidation might give him a convenient handle enough, and of course if any one is prepared to go the length of saying that the German dictator wants actual war, there is no more to be said. It is possible; all things are possible; but it can hardly be said to be extremely probable. Unless Prince BISMARCK is prepared to go to war to gratify French longings for Egypt on the chance of picking up a Holland or so without any other European Power objecting, and without having to give up Alsace-Lorraine, the action of the International Tribunals in Egypt need not trouble the English Government much more than a hostile motion in the Salle Lévis or on Clerkenwell Green.

It must, however, again be repeated that all these arguments turn wholly on the supposition that MR. GLADSTONE has an intelligible plan, and has been acting on it. If any one says that hitherto there have been remarkably few signs of any such plan, we are not prepared to contradict him; and if any one says further that the delay of showing these signs is daily adding to the difficulties and dangers of the situation, he has our very hearty concurrence. It is to be observed on the other side that in the merely local part of this financial matter the genius for inaction which the Government has shown may stand them in better stead than in the military and administrative matters where it has been so disastrous. To pay no attention to the judgments of the Tribunals is not less easy and much less dangerous than to pay no attention to Prince BISMARCK's polite request for information whether England wanted

Angra Pequeña or not. As to the larger matter of the general financial proposals, however, mere inaction will hardly do. There is all the difference in the world between suspending a Sinking Fund and reducing or not paying a dividend; and our Government has sufficiently indicated its opinion that, between reduction or non-payment of dividend and misgovernment in Egypt, there is no choice. We are bound not to allow misgovernment in Egypt, and we therefore are bound at least to offer some reasonable composition to Egypt's creditors. If they decline, the policy apparently pursued in regard to the Sinking Fund will have to be pursued in regard to the coupon, with such variations as may seem proper. Egypt must be made to pay its way internally, and external creditors must be left to their remedy. Here, again, it seems to be assumed that a remedy is quite ready in the shape of the Pomeranian grenadier, and that the Pomeranian grenadier is to pick the chestnuts out of the fire for France and other Powers on the chance of a redistribution of colonies or small European States. As to this, we can only repeat that it is possible—all things are possible—but that it is extremely improbable. "An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy," says the outbidden woer in the *Taming of the Shrew*, and though "Prussian" will not scan, it will make quite as good sense. It may suit Germany very well to quarrel with England when her colonies have grown a little, and when democracy has still further weakened English hands, but at present Prince BISMARCK has far too little to gain and far too much to lose by involving the world in a general fight for the *beaux yeux* of France and the bondholders. The whole thing, like most other things, comes to the question, "Will they fight?" and if so, "Are we ready?"

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE CENTRE.

THE replies of Prince BISMARCK to Dr. WINDTHORST possess even a greater interest than generally belongs to his speeches, as they contain a full explanation of his relations to the Centre. This has hitherto been the point that foreign students of his policy have found it most difficult to understand. After the establishment of the Empire, it seemed that the most important task of a German statesman must be to gain the confidence of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. They formed, roughly speaking, a third of the nation; their strength was greatest in many of the most important frontier districts, and those who had hitherto been the subjects of independent Catholic princes were inclined to view a Protestant sovereign with a not unnatural distrust. The task was comparatively easy, as the relations of the Curia to the Prussian Government had long been cordial, and any interruption of this good understanding seemed the more to be deprecated as a Church is always more powerful when it fights in defence of its ancient rights than when it lays claim to new privileges. Even if the Roman Catholics of Germany had been as disaffected as the National Liberals loved to assert, it would have appeared wise to leave them to commence hostilities. Those whose religious convictions are fanatical enough to drive them into treason are not likely to be induced to abandon them by any penalties that public opinion in the nineteenth century will permit, and the whole influence of men of moderate views is sure gradually to be opposed to the aggressor, whether that aggressor be the Church or the State.

The German Government, as we know, took a different view of the matter, and laws of the greatest harshness and stringency were passed, and for a time enforced, with no result save that of awakening the zeal of those against whom they were directed. Since the close of the seventeenth century the Catholics of Germany have never been so united or so much in earnest as they have been since they became involved in a conflict with the Government. This soon became evident to every attentive observer, and during the last five or six years the oppressive measures have either been modified or allowed to fall into disuse. The result was that the Clericals formed an alliance with the Conservatives, most of whose opinions they share; and by means of these two parties the Imperial CHANCELLOR commanded a majority in the closing Session of the last Reichstag on the questions which he was supposed to consider of the greatest moment. There can be no doubt that this majority would have been increased by the late elections if Prince BISMARCK had used his influence in its behalf, or even left matters to take their natural course. Instead of this, he made a vain

effort to resuscitate the National Liberal party, and produced a Parliamentary chaos.

He has now explained his motives for taking these steps. Before the commencement of the conflict with the Church he discovered that German families in the Polish provinces of Prussia were gradually becoming Poles, both in language and sentiment, and this he attributed to the action of the clergy. On endeavouring to check this evil, he found himself constantly thwarted by the Catholic division of the Ministry at Berlin, and therefore resolved to dissolve that body, which stood under the influence of Polish magnates. He was incapacitated by the state of his health from taking an active part in the consideration of the question when the May Laws were passed. He disapproved of many of their details from the first, and was only induced to yield them a tardy and reluctant assent when several Ministers threatened to resign if he refused to do so. On the other hand, he acknowledged his full responsibility for the June Laws of 1875. He was convinced that peace with the German Catholics could only be concluded in the Vatican, and was ready to make concessions, if concessions were made to him. The one matter of supreme importance was that the see of Posen should not be occupied by an ecclesiastic in whose loyalty the Government could not place perfect confidence. On several occasions the negotiations had seemed likely to lead to a satisfactory conclusion; and, in order to remove irritation and to show the good will of the Ministry, much had been freely done to remedy the evils of which the Catholics had chiefly complained; but from henceforth he was resolved to yield nothing without receiving an equivalent.

In speaking of the Centre as a Parliamentary party, the Imperial CHANCELLOR recognized its many claims to respect, and acknowledged that he shared many of its sentiments. The misfortune was that it was impossible to satisfy its members, as every concession was regarded as the starting-point for a new demand. The statesman who relied on the Catholics for support must give himself up to them entirely, or he would find himself in danger of being abandoned on questions of the greatest moment, and he did not believe that Germany could be governed in accordance with clerical ideas. Still, under existing circumstances, he should consider it a great misfortune if the party were to be dissolved, or even materially weakened. Perhaps a little mild persecution was necessary to keep it together. Such was Prince BISMARCK's explanation, and it was unquestionably sincere as far as it went, though his policy may also have been influenced by considerations which he did not think it desirable to state. Some ten years ago, for example, the friendship of Italy was a matter of considerable importance for Germany, and there can be no doubt that a good understanding between the countries was facilitated by the breach between the Berlin Cabinet and the Curia. But we need not dwell on such circumstances, or pronounce any opinion on the wisdom of the CHANCELLOR's policy, which is certainly not in accordance with English modes of thought and feeling. We give the above statement merely as the answer to an historical problem, and a not uninteresting specimen of the way in which Prince BISMARCK is accustomed to deal with difficulties.

CRICKET LEGISLATION.

THE Witan of Cricket, with delegates from the counties, has met at Lord's, and has adjourned. In spite of the greatness of the interests entrusted to them, affecting the very birthright of Englishmen in all parts of the globe, the Parliament of cricket gets through its business rapidly and smoothly. Ireland was unrepresented—that is the secret. Lord HARRIS had not to "name" anybody, and honourable members did not howl insults at each other and at the Speaker in various rich examples of brogue. Would that other constitutional assemblies could be as orderly and as conservative. A Reform Bill was carried by a working majority; but the mover withdrew his motion, as opinions seemed pretty nearly balanced. This is acting in a truly sportsmanlike spirit of constitutional moderation. When shall we see the comparatively trivial affairs which Imperial Parliament muddles over managed with similar fairness and discretion? If Lord HARRIS could be induced to form a Ministry, including Mr. A. J. WEBBE, Mr. I. D. WALKER, and Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, with Mr. SPOFFORTH at the Colonial Office, then the business of the country would be in a fair way, and such questions as Egypt and the Trans-

vaal and the navy would be efficiently settled. As the country seems scarcely ripe for these very desirable changes, the cricket legislators merely discussed the question of tossing for innings. Every year's experience shows more and more clearly that to win the toss is often half the battle. The lucky side can enjoy the fine flower of the wicket, if the weather be fine and the turf dry, and can perhaps hit up five hundred runs. Or, if a wet wicket be drying and "caking" under a hot sun, they can send in the other side, and, with a bowler like MR. STEEL or PEATE to aid, can dismiss them for a figure mournfully exiguous. Plenty of matches last season proved that "luck's all" luck in winning the toss. The Australians at the Oval, on the hottest day of the hottest summer in recent years, demonstrated what first innings on a fine wicket meant. If our men had won the toss, they might be in now, for anything any one can tell, as they made a monstrous score, despite their fatigue, on a worn wicket. Now some counties playing home and home matches practically never win the toss at all. Out of twenty-three matches played last year, Derbyshire lost the toss nineteen times. Lord HARRIS therefore proposed that, in home and home county matches, the side which loses the toss in the first encounter shall have choice of innings in the second. This would curtail the chapter of accidents, but by no means quite do away with the element of luck. On some days and some grounds choice of innings might be comparatively unimportant; on other occasions it might be half the battle. The arguments of MR. WEBBE and other opponents of Lord HARRIS's motion do not seem to us very strong. They alleged that the new law might lead to unfairness in the preparation of wickets. Say Derbyshire is playing Lancashire for the second match, and, having lost the toss in the first match, has its choice in the second. Could the Lancashire ground men conceivably provide a bad wicket that Derbyshire, going in first (as they probably would do), might have the worse chance? Even granting that such felonious conduct is possible, Lord HARRIS did not see, nor do we see, how it affected the argument. The wicket that, *ex hypothesi*, was wilfully and maliciously bad in the first innings would play still worse for the side that had to go in second. We do not anticipate, if the motion ever becomes law, a return to NYREN's old days, when "in pitching the wickets much responsibility lies on the bowler. The chief art is to select a situation that will suit your own style of bowling, and at the same time prove disadvantageous to your adversaries." But mark what NYREN adds, itself a reply to MR. WEBBE:—"as these two points can rarely be accomplished, you can, at all events, pitch the wickets in such a manner as to benefit yourself." This was the method of HARRIS and LUMPY, famed bowlers of old days. Of LUMPY we read:—"He would invariably choose the ground where his balls would *shoot*, instead of selecting a rising spot to bowl against, which would have materially increased the difficulty to the hitter, seeing that so many more would have been caught out by the mounting of the ball. As nothing, however, delighted the old man like bowling down a wicket with a shooting ball, he would sacrifice the other chances to the glory of that achievement." Excellent old man! *Hanc olim veteres fraudem coluere Sabini.* Such were the dodges of the old Hampshire cricketers. The wickets they played on, with their declivities and rising grounds, must have been very picturesque, and greatly added to the glorious uncertainty of the game.

The other motion before the meeting at Lord's merely reminded the observer of the undergraduate's reluctance to "make an invidious distinction" between the Major and Minor Prophets. In the opinion of the meeting "it is unadvisable to draw any distinction between first-class and second-class counties." Very well, we shall not draw it: but Cardiganshire v. Peebleshire will not draw spectators.

FRANCE.

"**L**A France altière Si belle à voir, L'ange blanc vêtu de lumière," as M. VICTOR HUGO calls his native land, is fast becoming known as a country which has risen to the level of an American border State. Even in Texas itself murder is not more tenderly regarded. It is unnecessary to speak of Mme. HUGUES, or of the address, carefully modelled on the prose style of the great poet named above, presented to her by certain ladies of Paris. The sympathy aroused by the sufferings of the ignoble rascal she shot have been damped again by the story that his pockets were full of documentary evidence of his complicity in another scheme

to extort money by "chantage." He is dead; and Mme. HUGUES is, it seems, no longer at peace in her mind; and so substantial justice is probably being done. The more phlegmatic Englishman may draw a flattering moral from the whole wonderful history. We used to hear a good deal at one time about the beauty, the rapidity, and the cheapness of law as administered under the Code NAPOLEON. Now the career of M. MORIN shows that where this magnificent system of jurisprudence prevails a man may be tried and condemned for a base criminal offence, and may still be at liberty and daily repeating his wrongdoing two years after his sentence has been passed. It further appears that, according to the wisdom of the Cour de Cassation, it is not publication of a libel to write abuse on a postcard, and slightly misdirect it in order to give the greatest possible number of persons a chance of reading the nastiness written thereon. But Mme. CLOVIS HUGUES is not alone in the enjoyment of killing without the unpleasantness of being punished for murder. She may relieve whatever slight anxiety attaches to her position by reflecting on the case of M. MEERHOLZ. This citizen was a bully in the proper technical sense of the term. A woman who had been useful to him in the pursuit of his business refused to co-operate any further, and he killed her in a manner calculated to cause disgust in the mind of "a pig of any sensibility." A French jury—the fact shows how shocking the details of the crime must have been—found him guilty, without extenuating circumstance. MEERHOLZ seemed to be on a fair way to the guillotine; but, *il y a des juges à Berlin*—there is a President at Paris. M. FERRY thought fit to exercise his prerogative of mercy (it is the only prerogative he can exercise, and his time is short), and so the murderer has got off with his life. He is only to go to New Caledonia to help in developing the Colonial policy of M. FERRY. Other bullies disappointed of other cullies will remember the good luck of MEERHOLZ. Comment is almost superfluous. The story is at the service of our "abolition of capital punishment" friends. A ruffian who commits a crime which would sicken Tiger Bay is punished by getting a chance of leading a new life. It is the natural and healthy result of this state of things that murders in France are becoming as common as shootings in New Mexico or Arizona.

While this happy social revolution is in progress, the activity of French politicians is daily getting more like the typical example of movement without aim. From the outside of the Senate and the Chamber the representatives look what dancers are said to look to a deaf man. The two branches of the Legislature toss Bills to and fro, and play with great schemes for political changes as if they were glad of anything to occupy their time. For the last two weeks they have been hard at work on the Bill for the Reform of the Senate. The fortunes of this measure exceed in complexity and variety without equaling in interest the negotiations which led to the War of the Spanish Succession. The Congress held last spring had revised the Constitution because M. GAMBETTA had said it ought to be overhauled, and also because perpetual tinkering at the last brand-new set of institutions is in itself a virtuous occupation according to the democratic creed. The upshot of the grand revision scheme was an understanding that the Senate was to be remodelled. Accordingly, the Ministry prepared a Bill and introduced it in the autumn Session, and this is the measure which has been bandied to and fro, and at one time threatened to wreck a Cabinet which has lasted for the abnormal period of about twenty months. On the supposition that they had a real Upper Chamber, it must be confessed that at M. FERRY and his colleagues had a difficult game to play. They had to make the Senate more democratic, but not too democratic, and to force a good deal down the throats of the Senators, but not to ask them to swallow too much. To any other Ministry the task would perhaps have presented insuperable difficulties; but M. FERRY is in the happy position of having no possible successor for the present, and he could, therefore, when necessary ask his Chambers to make Hobson's choice. After much discussion, the Revision decided on abolishing the present system of giving a Senator to each of the General Councils. It also put an end to any further election of Life Senators. In future, all Senators were to be chosen for the same period, and they were to be elected by delegates of the municipalities. These delegates were to vary in number according to the size of the body they represented. In the main this scheme has been adopted; but it has had various adventures on its way. When it got into the hands of the Lower Chamber, M. FLOQUET saw an

opportunity for asserting a great principle—the holiness of universal suffrage. He therefore proposed an amendment, to the effect that the Senate should be elected in this, the one legitimate way. All the Oppositions, including the Royalists, supported M. FLOQUET and his amendment. It was carried by a majority of sixteen against the Ministry. All the elements of a political crisis appeared to be present. The Ministry was committed to refusing the amendment, and the Senate would not accept universal suffrage. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be nothing for it but the resignation of M. FERRY and an appeal to the country. M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU even went so far as to talk of retiring. But they order these matters better in France. There is nobody to take M. FERRY's place if he goes, and the country does not want to be appealed to on this point. So the Premier, after telling the Chamber that it would know better after thinking a little, sent the amended Bill up to the Senate, well knowing that M. FLOQUET's interpolation would soon be disposed of. The Senate rejected universal suffrage forthwith, and then, by way of compliment to the Lower Chamber, gave up a plan of its own for electing some of its members by the votes of the Legislative bodies. It also agreed to exclude all those officials who are not allowed to sit in the Lower Chamber, provided the exclusion is to apply only to the approaching elections in 1885. When the Bill came down with M. FLOQUET's amendment expunged, the Chamber proved the foresight of M. FERRY by accepting it, as it stood, by a majority of fifty-three. For the future Senators are to be elected by delegates chosen on some mysterious system known as pyramidal progression. Those who have been chosen for life are to remain for life; but there are to be no more of them. M. FERRY can now say that the great work of revision has been done, and can face the constituencies with a conscience void of offence.

Since nine hundred and odd Frenchmen have been busily employed over this business for weeks, and since their constituents have had nothing to say to the contrary, it is perhaps a little impertinent to ask whether this Reform Bill is serious or not. The representatives of France must be supposed to know what they are doing. The foreigner who does not hear the music may be pardoned for being unable to see any reason for the movement. M. FERRY may consider that everything is settled, but after M. NAQUET's declaration that the election of the Senate by universal suffrage has, according to the correct phrase, been inscribed on the banner of the Radical party, it certainly looks as if everything was yet to be done. The end of the Revision seems a long way off when such a change as that is in agitation, and the abolition of the Senate itself is likely to be the next thing to take its place on the banner of the Radicals. Many Frenchmen appear to think this a serious prospect, but if an Upper Chamber ought to be an effective part of Government, little will be lost by the disappearance of the present Senate, which has never offered serious opposition to the Lower Chamber. Even in the late contest its courage appears to have been mainly due to its knowledge that M. FERRY could command a majority of Deputies at a pinch. But an Englishman is largely disqualified for discussing French political questions at all by his inability to look at French institutions in a serious light. These ingenious machines for conducting government have all a close resemblance to Don QUIXOTE's paper visor, which was an excellent piece of armour until it was hit. Considered as a paper visor the Senate has merits. It is large, and round, and imposing to look at. For the future, French politicians who wish for an independent Senate would do well to imitate the prudence of the Knight of La Mancha. Having cut his first paper visor in two at a single blow, he wisely abstained from trying the second. To be sure, it may be asked whether a political defence of that kind is of much use, except as a satisfaction to the mind of the wearer. Such questions, however, would lead the French student of Parliamentary institutions very far.

BECHUANALAND.

IT is possible that the outrageous proceedings of the Cape Ministers who lately visited Bechuanaland may not have produced unmixed mischief. When the mission was first announced, the apologists of the Boers affected to believe that it would produce by pacific means the result which was otherwise to be attained by the despatch of Sir CHARLES WARREN's expedition. Politicians who were less sanguine

in their expectations nevertheless assured that the Cape Government was acting in good faith, though its objects might not exactly coincide with Imperial policy. If Mr. UPINGTON and his colleague persuaded the freebooters and their official backers to surrender the lands which they had seized, it was possible that the opportunity of impressing the Boers with a renewed respect for English power might once more be thrown away. No party in England could wish for bloodshed; but an illusory submission on the part of the wrongdoers was likely to be followed by a repetition of the offence. The first reports of the mission confirmed the apprehension that empty professions and ostensible surrender of the usurped territory would perpetuate the evil. It was said that the Colonial representatives had persuaded the intruders to withdraw from MONTSIOA's country; and when Sir C. WARREN left England, it was doubtful whether the Chief Commissioner might not be compelled to suspend military operations. Since that time all doubt has been removed by surprising disclosures.

It appears that, in an address to the freebooters on the Transvaal border, Mr. UPINGTON identified himself with their cause, and professed to believe that they had acquired, by an alleged treaty with MONTSIOA and MOSHETTE, a sufficient title to the lands in dispute. If any such document exists, there can be no doubt that MONTSIOA was compelled to sign it; and probably it is anterior in date to the London Convention by which the Transvaal Government pledged itself to restore or to respect MONTSIOA's territory. More recently, the PRESIDENT and Council of the Republic have formally admitted their continued liabilities to perform the covenants included in the Convention. They excused the encroachment on MONTSIOA's lands as provisional, and contingent on the sanction of the English Government; and they professedly required the settlers to restore the lands to the native owners. Mr. UPINGTON is more openly devoted than the authorities of Pretoria to the cause of the aggressors. He publicly declared, not only that the freebooters were justified in their invasion of MONTSIOA's territory, but that they were not responsible for the murder of Mr. BETHELL, of which, as he mildly observed, he disapproved. According to some versions of his speech, he professed to believe that the offenders had left the district, and that those whom he found in possession were lawful owners. In the same way the apologists of the Jacobins of 1793 were in the habit of asserting that the massacres were committed, not by the real people of Paris, but by an apocryphal gang of strangers. The rest of Mr. UPINGTON's speech, though it is not yet fully reported, seems to have been openly disloyal. He declared that he represented, as a Minister of the Cape, the right of the Africanders to supremacy in South Africa, probably on the ground that the majority of the present Parliament is Dutch in its origin or its tendencies. As it is certain that the English colonists will not accept the position assigned to them by the Minister, his speech almost sounds like a provocation to civil war. It now appears that Mr. UPINGTON, who is more a Boer than the Boers, is an emigrant Irish barrister, though his name shows that, like many other Irish patriots, he is of English descent. The disaffected party in Ireland exults in the defiance offered to England by an Irish Africander.

The loyal colonists have already displayed their just indignation. It is not to be assumed that the Dutch inhabitants are prepared for rebellion; and the English will be unanimous in maintaining their connexion with the Empire. Sir C. WARREN on landing has been received with marked enthusiasm; and, on the other hand, Mr. UPINGTON found it expedient to decamp secretly from the town of Kimberley, where he had halted on his homeward journey. It happens that the territory which has been lawlessly taken from MONTSIOA is not only a possession of a friendly chief, but also a part of the direct trade route from Cape Town to the interior of the continent. During the negotiations in London the Transvaal delegates offered every verbal security for freedom of commerce; but there is no doubt that, if the district were once included in their dominion, they would levy a percentage on all goods in transit, in conformity with their present practice in their own territory. Lord DERBY, though he was in other respects by no means indisposed to concession, steadily adhered to his claim of an English protectorate over the disputed territory, and of its occupation by the native owners. The delegates at last agreed to the terms and signed the Convention, some of them, as it afterwards appeared, with a deliberate purpose of immediately violating

their solemn engagement. It seems that one of their number, Mr. JOUBERT, has protested against an act of deliberate perfidy, though his conduct and motives are not fully understood. Mr. KRUGER and his remaining colleagues are believed to have discovered their breach of the Convention as soon as they heard of the military preparations for enforcing the rights of the English Government. It would seem that Mr. UPINGTON has in his disaffected zeal sacrificed the interests of the Colony as well as the rights of the Crown. He would have better consulted the interests of his clients and allies if he had induced the Boers to suspend their attitude of defiance while there was still time to delay or prevent the advance of the expedition.

A letter of Sir BARTLE FRERE's on the Bechuana question has been opportunely published. He was interested in the natives of the district in two capacities, both as a promoter of missionary enterprise and as a loyal servant of his country. Some of his remarks apply to the whole of South Africa as well as to Bechuanaland. He says that there are three methods by which the mixed races within and without the Colonies can be governed. It is a matter of course to eliminate the alternative of native supremacy or established barbarism. Government by the Dutch would be more orderly and more reasonable, and it would, in Sir BARTLE FRERE's opinion, not be capricious or intentionally unjust; but the natives would be held in permanent subjection, and not assisted or encouraged to rise in civilization. It may be added that the English inhabitants of South Africa would never acquiesce in Dutch sovereignty. It has happened as a result of former wars that larger or smaller populations of almost every European nationality have for several generations been contented as English subjects. No Englishman in any part of the world has found himself under foreign rule. The South African colonists would, if Mr. UPINGTON's aspirations were satisfied, have to choose between total abandonment of the country and armed resistance. The Imperial Government could not, without disgrace and fatal loss, allow its authority and the rights of its natural-born subjects to be impaired.

The events of the last two or three years have impressed on all thoughtful minds the conviction that it would be dangerous to depend exclusively on the Suez Canal for the means of transit to India and the Eastern seas. It is indispensable to retain possession of the harbours at the Cape as coaling-stations and as places for refitting and provisioning ships. The suggestion that it would be sufficient to hold Simon's Bay and Table Bay is superficial and unsatisfactory. A fortress may, like Gibraltar, be held without connexion with the country in which it stands; but at best the position is invidious and insecure; and Cape Town and Simon's Bay would be constantly exposed to attack if the territory which now belongs to the Colony were in foreign hands. It is a secondary, but not unimportant, consideration that the loss of a colony in that part of the world would probably involve total or partial discontinuance of commercial intercourse. It is more likely that English dependencies in South Africa would become foreign provinces than that they would establish their separate existence. It is highly probable that the two South African Republics will seek foreign alliances with the Powers which are now intriguing at Berlin against English rights and interests on the Western coast. It is now too certain that Prince BISMARCK is not only unfriendly to England, but anxious to publish his feelings of dislike. A German Blue Book has lately been for the first time issued, for the apparent purpose of circulating in an offensive form Prince BISMARCK's apprehension of what he calls "English in-trigues." The Colonial Empire has often presented internal difficulties to English statesmen, but it has been for the most part exempt from foreign interference. The French enterprises in the further East, and the Berlin Conference, combined with the rapid German annexations of African territory, prove that the immunity no longer exists. Wisdom and energy, acting on the colonizing aptitude of the nation, may do much for the preservation of the Empire; and in the present instance aggression ought to be immediately repelled. Difficulties in some respects similar were encountered and overcome by statesmen of the last century, whom Mr. TREVELYAN holds up to the contempt of an ill-informed audience. One of his illustrations of the folly and incapacity of aristocratic rulers is derived from the famous administration in which Canada and a great part of India were added to the British Empire. In Mr. TREVELYAN's version the gigantic and triumphant struggle with France

and Spain reduces itself into a capricious alliance, first with Austria and then with Prussia, for the disposal of a petty German province. The name of CHATHAM is perhaps unknown in the Border Burghs; but their accomplished representative might do better than in flattering the conceit and affecting to share the ignorance of history which may be pardoned in his constituents. It is true that, if Mr. GLADSTONE's foreign policy is sound, Lord CHATHAM's fame is a strange delusion.

A CIRCULATING CENSORSHIP.

THE conditions which regulate the circulation—that is, the sale; that is, in the long run, the character—of English literature are absurd and anomalous. There are, as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD knows, people who think anomalies rather an advantage than otherwise. These may support the system of large circulating libraries. The power of these institutions for mischief has lately been illustrated in a case where, we fancy, very little mischief was done to literature. An author with a grievance has told his story in an evening paper. His works appear to have disconcerted one or two of his reviewers. About the rights and wrongs of this particular book, which was practically smothered by the disapproval of "two ladies in the country," we have nothing to say. The truth remains that the managers of circulating libraries, and especially of the large libraries, can dictate the shape, size, and character of the literature—at least in *belles lettres*—of modern England. This comes to saying that the moral and aesthetic sentiments of customers, presumably of two or three ladies in Bullocksmyth, or the scruples of the wife or daughter of a business man, are to determine in each case the *fata libelli*. The general influence of the circulating library system is about as bad as it can be. In the first place, the managers of these concerns insist that novels shall always be in three volumes. It is a belief among publishers that "there is only one thing worse than a two-volume novel—namely, a one-volume novel." Why circulating libraries are so intent on the mystic number three has never been satisfactorily explained. As plausible a theory as any maintains that the young men behind the counter find sets of three volumes convenient to pack in the parcels of subscribers. It is rather too absurd that authors should be compelled to dilute their ideas into feebleness merely for the convenience of a few young shopmen. Probably another reason that weighs with the circulating libraries is the practical securing of a monopoly. People who might buy books at three shillings cannot afford to pay thirty-one shillings and sixpence. Thus they are constrained, if they care for new novels at all, to add themselves to the subscribers' lists at the circulating libraries. The natural consequences of a perfectly unnatural state of things follow. Novels are watered down into dreariness and vapidly; they become such feeble things in most cases that no private person would buy them, even if guineas were as common with him as blackberries in a Surrey lane. Even if many people had the money, they could not afford house-room for endless sets of three-volume novels, and, even if they could afford it, these dropsical publications are rarely worth house-room. Hence literature is degraded, and the taste for really worthy books becomes obsolete in England (for no man can really care for books he does not possess), and all that circulating libraries may drive a roaring trade. Their influence is also more or less hostile to serious literature, to anything more permanent than diaries of travel and gossiping reminiscences. Probably, on this side, the remedy lies in publishing cheap compact books. For example, *The Giant's Robe* was an experiment in avoiding the three-volume form altogether, and, as the work is in its fourth edition, the experiment seems justified. Again, the popularity of books sold for a shilling, like *Called Back* and *The House on the Marsh* (despite the close small type of the latter masterpiece), seems to point to a future when the circulating libraries will not dominate the light literature of England.

The effects of the system on fiction have already been shown to be evil. Matters become serious when it is demonstrated that the chief libraries take it upon them to decide what their customers shall or shall not read. It might seem a matter of indifference to a man of business whether his customers preferred ZOLA or DARWIN to Miss YONGE and Mr. MIVART. But the moral standard appears to be brought home to his conscience in the following way. Customers, especially in the country, seem to leave the

selection of their parcels very much to the discretion of the young men in the shop. The young men send the squire's wife at Dullington, let us say, some poem of a modern and ardent character, a realistic novel or two, a new speculation about the Origin of Sex, and a volume of advanced sermons on the Fallacies of St. Paul. Now all these may be excellent books in their own line and for the right readers, but "not for little people nor for fools." The squire's wife writes and expresses her horror; so does the vicar's lady; and the sermons, poems, and novels are quietly but firmly buried. A writer's career may thus be half-ruined at the start, and the worst of it is that his book may be an excellent book, and that the vicar's lady may have quite failed to understand it. Not the less, it is condemned; it is offered up a whole sacrifice to that British literary fetish, the drawing-room table in the parsonage. This is possible, because circulating libraries have crushed out private purchasers, and because the managers of the libraries must make the scruples of the weakest brethren their standard of admission or rejection. France was saved from this fate by MICHEL LÉVY and his cheap books. Who will save England?

A DEMOCRATIC PÆAN.

IT would be somewhat harsh, perhaps, to take exception to the general tone of Mr. TREVELYAN's recent speech at Brighton. True, the political orator, unlike the cock, does not look his best when he is crowing; but a certain amount of crowing has to be done after every important political event which either party can represent as a victory, and we quite admit that Mr. TREVELYAN ascends the—well, the usual gallicinie rostrum—with better right than most. Indeed, he did not put his claims in this respect as high as he might have done. He is himself so old a soldier in the ranks of democracy that he seems unconsciously to have credited all his present comrades with the same length of service. He talks with undue modesty of the assertion which "we Liberals were the first to make"—the assertion, that is to say, of the proposition or propositions, for it really includes several others, upon which the latest extension of the franchise is based. It might be much more properly described as the doctrine which Mr. TREVELYAN and "a few friends" were in the habit of putting forward for many years successively as one deserving of instant practical recognition, but to which the bulk of Mr. TREVELYAN's party were no more ready to give immediate effect than their opponents. He is entirely without warrant in suggesting—as his recent speech unmistakably, if undesignedly, does suggest—that "we Liberals" have been fighting as a party ever since 1868 for the extension of household suffrage to the counties, and that the only resistance to it has proceeded from "you 'Conservatives.'" The circumstance that the Liberals have had the official control of legislation for ten out of the fifteen years in question might of itself, indeed, suffice to dispose of that theory; but, as a matter of fact, its unsoundness is otherwise notorious. Mr. TREVELYAN is of course aware, as his more intelligent hearers are aware also, that the postponement of the enfranchisement of the county householder was just as much the work of one party as of the other; and, moreover, that—if, at least, we take corporate, and not individual, expressions of the Conservative view—its postponement has been justified alike by both parties on precisely the same Opportunist plea. Mr. TREVELYAN having himself been a persistent enemy of Opportunism on this question, his right to exult in the triumph of his cause is unaffected by the past attitude of his party; but not so the grounds and tenor of his exultation. To revert to our former metaphor, he is still entitled to crow, but he must crow impartially over both poultry-yards.

To do him justice, however, he did not dwell at any unseemly length on the merely party aspect of the new Reform Act. He soon began to sing of greater things—of the majestic march of democracy, of the virtues which she cherishes in her bosom, and the blessings which she carries in her hands. Or rather, perhaps, we should say of the march, virtues, and blessings of a certain type of democracy—to wit, the English. Mr. TREVELYAN warmly congratulated the English democrat, who might have been a Frenchman, or an American, or even an Athéni-an, but who, having resisted all temptations to belong to other nations, may consider himself exempt from all the foibles which mislead and all the dangers which beset the democrats of less favoured lands. "The more Englishmen you admit into the pale of

"our Constitution the more English it will be. Common-sense, veracity, a willingness to put up with the inevitable, contempt for those who promise the impossible, a love for men who have a mind of their own and are not afraid to express it, and a determination that such men, and such men only, shall lead them—these are the qualities which, if you cut a section anywhere out of Scotch or English society, you will find an equal proportion all the way down." Mr. TREVELYAN added, in the next sentence, that "it was quite a mistake to suppose that the mass of the people like a leader who flatters them," and from this we must infer that he was endeavouring on prudential, as much as on moral, grounds to prevent compliment from inflating itself into flattery. But, still, when an orator tells his countrymen that they do, and by implication that other races do not, possess a catalogue of qualities which, regarded *simpliciter* and not *secundum quid*, are merely the universal attributes of the whole rational creation—when an orator, we say, addresses language of this sort to an assemblage of his countrymen, it is difficult to know what it is, if not flattery of the grossest kind. Granting, as we are not unwilling to grant, that there is a vein of practical shrewdness and of a certain sincerity in the English character which to some extent justifies Mr. TREVELYAN in dwelling upon the first two qualities as something specially national, we should like to know which of the others can be so described. Look for a moment at their opposites, at the contraries of "willingness to put up with the inevitable," of "contempt for those who promise the impossible," and even of "veracity" in so far as it stands for the abstract preference of truth to falsehood. The desire to be told lies, known as such, instead of truth; a determination not to submit to the inevitable, though recognized for what it is; an admiration for those who promise what is confessedly impossible; a hatred for men who have a mind of their own, unless they atone for its possession by being afraid to express it, and a resolve to be led only by men who either have no mind or who keep it to themselves—these surely are qualities which distinguish not the weaker or less wise from the stronger or wiser races, but the lunatic from the sane. There is no community of rational beings who do not abstractedly prefer truth to falsehood, and know that the inevitable means something which must be submitted to. All people agree that to promise impossibilities is contemptible, that to know one's mind and speak it is admirable, and all determine to be led by men of the admirable rather than of the contemptible habit. These are not the virtues of special races, but the instincts of all reasoning creatures; and the insidious fallacy of Mr. TREVELYAN's praises lurks in the assumption that right political conduct is more a matter of instinct than of knowledge. Suppose it were to be admitted that the English democracy were endowed beyond all other democracies with the good instincts with which they are credited, is it according to common experience of human nature that any democracy should be as capable of discerning the right mode of fulfilling these instincts as are other political communities bearing less resemblance to a mob? Is the capacity of distinguishing truth from falsehood, the inevitable from the avoidable, the possible from the impossible, found more often than anywhere else among vast mixed multitudes? and does it increase in amount—for that, of course, is the logic of democracy—in the direct ratio of the numbers and heterogeneousness of the multitudes? And is it the truth, or anything at all like the truth, as it appears to any impartial unpolitical judgment, that "if you cut a section anywhere out of Scotch or English society" you will find "an equal proportion" not merely of sound instincts, but of clear perceptions and reasoned convictions "all the way down"?

We should never ourselves be guilty of such discourtesy as that of asking a democratic orator to give specific instances of DEMOS's displaying the virtues with which he credits him; but Mr. TREVELYAN has in this case volunteered them, and we need not scruple to say that where they are not entirely hypothetical they appear to be somewhat infelicitously chosen. Of the so-called "aristocratic" "wars" of 1742 and 1756, the first may be dismissed as a perhaps disputable case; but Mr. TREVELYAN, in asserting by implication that an English democracy would have had nothing to do with the second, declares, in effect, that if England had been a democracy in the days of CHATHAM, she would never have acquired her Empire.

On the other hand, the assumption that under a more democratic Constitution we should have been spared the war of American Independence, is one of the most violently

doubtful kind. But Mr. TREVELYAN's latest historical illustration of his views is more patently double-edged than any. He contends that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had been able to appeal "to the whole nation instead of to the half of it," he would have settled the Eastern Question in his own way; but the wicked county constituencies, "which only represented a portion of the people, had almost as much to say to it as the borough constituencies, which represented the whole," and the consequence was that "this great people, which in August 1876 was burning to endow the Christian population of the East with liberty and good government, was in the spring of 1878 straining all its diplomatic power to stint and cramp the new States whose existence had been bought at such a cost of life and treasure." Let us, for the sake of argument, accept this account of matters as exactly accurate, and we will then ask Mr. TREVELYAN why he breaks off exactly where he does? He should have gone on to add that, among the very same borough-voters who in 1876 were all eagerness to oust Lord BEACONSFIELD for Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GLADSTONE was in 1878 the most unpopular and Lord BEACONSFIELD the most popular man in the country. We do not expect Mr. TREVELYAN to agree with us as to which of these two moods of our democracy was the right one; but we claim his assent to the proposition that they cannot both have been right. And Mr. TREVELYAN's own description of its conduct has unconsciously supplied the true qualification of his too enthusiastic praises. What, in spite of "common sense, " veracity, and willingness to put up with the inevitable," &c., he admits DEMOS of the boroughs to have done in this case is exactly what those who share Mr. TREVELYAN's recognition of his excellent moral qualities, while remembering those intellectual limitations of his which Mr. TREVELYAN appears to forget, are afraid that DEMOS will be continually doing. They fear that he will be always "burning" to do something which the popular hero of the day expects him to do, and then "straining all his diplomatic and military power" to do the exact opposite at the bidding of the hero of the day after. Future history may prove these apprehensions to be groundless; we sincerely hope it will. But in the meantime it is hardly worthy of a politician of Mr. TREVELYAN's candour and intelligence to leave them altogether out of account.

MR. HENLEY.

THE rapid transformation which the character of the House of Commons has undergone during the last few years, and which may very possibly receive an immense impetus from electoral changes now near at hand, considerably enhances the melancholy interest attaching to the death of Mr. HENLEY. We can never be sure in such days as these whether the disappearance of any typical politician of a former period may not mean also the destruction of the type. In one sense, no doubt, that type is tolerably secure of survival; for, as a variety of human character, it is formed by the union of certain moral and mental qualities, neither uncommon in themselves nor even very rare in their conjunction. Wherever a clear head, a cautious temperament, an uncompromising candour, and a faculty of homely and humorous expression are combined, there you get the essence of the late member for Oxfordshire; and if to these you add the business aptitudes of a good Quarter Sessions Chairman, and the tastes, appearance, and manners of an old-fashioned country squire, you get Mr. HENLEY's accidental peculiarities also. We have not mentioned his Toryism, because we are of opinion that that is a necessary corollary from the combination of the other characteristics. Altogether, as we have said, the constituent elements of the type are sufficiently abundant in this country to justify the hope that it will be perpetuated, and even—though this is by no means so certain—be at most periods represented by at least one specimen in the House of Commons. But a species considered *per se* is one thing, and a species considered in relation to its environment is another. It was Mr. HENLEY's relation to the assembly in which he sat for close upon forty years which was the really remarkable thing, and we have much less assurance that that phenomenon will repeat itself. That the position so willingly accorded to him in the House of Commons for so many years was in itself a most hopeful and creditable indication of character in any legislative assembly will

hardly be disputed. Regarded from the point of view of "public form," Mr. HENLEY's career could not possibly have been described as distinguished. He had held office for only two brief terms, resigning on the second occasion for reasons which, however honourable to himself, commanded little or no intellectual sympathy among the bulk of his party. He was no orator either in the popular or even the Parliamentary sense of the word; and though his views were always shrewd and sensible, and were driven home to the minds of his hearers in terse and vigorous language, it would be incorrect to say that the respect which he latterly commanded was paid either to the unique value of his ideas or to any exceptional skill in enforcing them. Many men, both before and during his time, have displayed in an equal degree the faculty of instantaneously detecting the weak points in a measure or a policy; while as to his powers of expression, it must, we think, be admitted that most of his recorded sayings owe their fascination to that same caprice which has so often perpetuated the least remarkable *mots* of famous debaters, while allowing their really most memorable utterances to perish. The main element in Mr. HENLEY's Parliamentary influence was neither wit nor wisdom taken alone. It was undoubtedly due to that highly composite force which we call character—a word which in this application of it connotes a combination of good ability, ripe experience, unqualified sincerity, and complete disinterestedness, and fails of its full meaning where any one of these qualities is absent.

It is no doubt an accident that there is no man at this moment in Parliament who, even if the House of Commons recognized in him, as it did in Mr. HENLEY, the qualification of a Mentor, would be able to offer counsel and criticism from the same position of detachment. Nearly all the elder speakers who address the House with any authority are either Ministers or ex-Ministers of the two varieties of those who hope to be in office again when their party returns to power, and those who hold that they ought to be in office now. Their utterances, therefore, however noteworthy in themselves, must always lose a portion, and often do lose a very considerable portion, of their influence from being marked with the stamp of partisanship or tainted with the suspicion of spleen. What was unique in Mr. HENLEY's position was that, though he had twice held office, and had no known distaste for official life, he always spoke, and was universally recognized as speaking, like a man who cherished neither ambitions nor grudges. He was, on occasion, a perfectly outspoken critic of the measures and opinions of his party; but his criticisms were without the slightest flavour of the "candid friend." He had nothing of the *frondeur*, nor even of the "corner man," about him, and apparently took no more pleasure in attacking his political associates and winning cheers from his political opponents than in reversing the process. Hence the interest with which he was always listened to was all the more complimentary to him as being without any alloy of malicious satisfaction. The "precious balms" of the independent member of either party are generally more valued on the opposite side of the House for their head-breaking qualities than for any other; but with Mr. HENLEY's it was not so. His independence meant a genuine freedom from biassing influence of all kinds; and since that position must necessarily be an uncommon one under the party system, there is nothing particularly surprising in its being for the present vacant. The doubt, however, will suggest itself whether in the House of Commons of the existing, and still more of the approaching, type there will be any place of similar influence for the *vir pietate gravis* at all. Respect for character as distinct from mere admiration or dread of exceptional powers is not a very common sentiment of democratic assemblies, which usually, indeed, show one the weaknesses of their origin in their preference of a commander to a guide. To those who have most closely studied the tastes and temper of the present House of Commons, there are not many discernible traces of the reverential instinct in any other form than that of the most naked worship of force. Nor does it seem at all probable that the enfranchisement of the two million capable citizens will tend to elevate the average member's conceptions of what is politically admirable.

SUVAROV IN THE ALPS.

HERE is not in the whole of military history a more interesting or instructive chapter than that which describes the campaign of the Austrians and Russians against the French in Switzerland during the autumn of 1799. Great issues were involved, great efforts were made, great skill was displayed by some generals, still greater blunders committed by others, while the theatre of the marches and battles lay in the grandest scenery which Europe has to show, that very scenery which modern tourists have come to know best. Oddly enough, however, the Swiss guide books give the most scanty information about the military operations, some of them not even mentioning what the least curious traveller might be supposed desirous of knowing, while the commonly read histories, such as those of Thiers and Alison, dismiss the events with provoking brevity. Believing that many of those who know Switzerland would willingly learn something about the most striking part of this famous campaign, we propose to give a short account of the three Alpine passes over which Suvarov led the Russian army in September and October, 1799, and of what befell him there.

The autumn of that year saw an Austrian and Russian army occupying a long line, which, beginning from the river Linth at Glarus, ran north of the Lake of Zürich and of the river Limmat, which flows out of that lake; while Masséna, with the French army, held his ground to the south and west of the same line, and occupied Central and Western Switzerland as far as the Pennine Alps. According to the plan arranged by the Austrian and Russian generals, Suvarov was to cross the High Alps from Italy, out of which he had just chased the French, fall upon the rear of Masséna's army, and, after crushing that general, effect a junction with the Russian force which held Zürich. Suvarov set forth from Piedmont, and reached Airolo, where now the St. Gothard Railway issues from the great tunnel, on September 21. His army was 22,000 strong. After much hard fighting, he carried the St. Gothard Pass, and drove the French corps of Lecourbe down the valley of the Reuss to Altorf. He had been reinforced on the way by two other corps, 8,000 strong, so that the army, despite its losses, was a large one for those days. He had expected to find on the Lake of the Four Cantons boats by which to transport his army from Fluelen to the village of Brunnen, nine miles down the lake, whence he meant to march by Schwytz upon Zürich or Glarus. But the very day, September 26, on which he reached Altorf was the day on which Masséna inflicted on Korsakoff's Russian army the terrible defeat of Zürich, while on the Linth the allied Austro-Russian force was beaten by Soult and forced to fall back towards St. Gallen and the Rhine. Hence there were no friends with a flotilla to meet the Russians at Fluelen, and the French had carefully swept the lake shore clear of such few boats as would usually be there. That well-made road which now traverses the steep mountain slopes and pierces the precipices on the east shore of the upper part of the lake (the so-called Bay of Uri), deforming the matchless scenery, but affording a succession of superb views to those who pass along it, did not then exist; it is a work of those last fifteen years which have made Switzerland so much more accessible than it used to be, and so much less delightful. Suvarov found to his surprise and consternation that there was absolutely no passage along the lake shore, for the cliffs came right down into the deep waters, so if he was to keep his tryst with the Russians at Zürich he must find some other passage. Only two were possible. One, the Klausen Pass, leads by a long track over a col 5,437 feet high, to Stachelberg, in Canton Glarus. It is not very difficult, but Glarus, to which it leads, was not yet, as it soon had to become, the objective point of the Russians, who wished to fall as soon as possible on Masséna's rear. Far more direct was the other pass, that of the Kinzig Kulm, which by way of the Muotta Thal gave ready access to Schwytz and the lower country to the north. Accordingly, the old Marshal resolved upon the Kinzig route. The troops started from Altorf on the morning of September 27, entering the Schächten Thal at Bürglen, where the site of William Tell's house is still pointed out to the tourist, and climbing in single file the long steep slope that leads up to the ridge of limestone cliff which forms the summit of the pass, 6,791 feet above the sea. Late on the same evening the first Cossacks reached Muotta Thal, but the rearguard of the army, harassed by the French under Lecourbe, who had now resumed the offensive, did not complete the passage till the night of the 29th. So narrow was the path that the van had reached Muotta long before the rear left Altorf. There is now a tolerable path over the Kinzig Kulm, by which the pedestrian may, according to Baedeker, Murray, and Berlepsch, reach Muotta from Altorf in nine hours. Walking quite leisurely, we have done it in eight. The first part of the way is over pastures which are apt to be wet and slippery, but the only troublesome bit is in climbing the limestone ridge before mentioned. The historians of the march say that the beasts of burden fell "on the sharp points of granite"; in those days every hard rock was called granite, just as even now there are travellers who whenever they see a circular hollow take it for a volcanic crater. There is not, in point of fact, a morsel of granite within many miles of the pass. No good walker would call the pass difficult; but the path is doubtless far better now than it was eighty-five years ago, and these poor Russians had never seen a hill in their lives till they were marched into Italy. They lost many horses, and had to abandon a part of their stores and their already diminished artillery. The Kinzig Kulm is now little used,

because the railway and the new high road supply a quicker and easier route from Altorf to Schwytz, and the views, although fine on the ascent from Bürglen, when one looks back towards the Reuss Valley and the grand peaks that surround the Uri Rothstock, are not specially striking in a region everywhere beautiful.

When Suvarov had reached Muotta Thal, he found himself caught in a trap. Masséna, relieved by the victory of Zürich from any uneasiness with regard to the Russian army that had confronted him there, had occupied Schwytz in force, and forbade exit to the Russians from the narrow mouth of the valley towards the level country. At the upper end of the valley the Pragel Pass, which leads by the Klön Thal to Glarus, was held by another French force under General Molitor. Retreat there was none, except back over the Kinzig Kulm. The first impulse of the dauntless old hero was to force his way out by Schwytz. But his council of war dissuaded this course, and the news that now arrived of the defeat of the Russians at Zürich, and of the Austrians on the Linth, made prudence more than ever necessary. Accordingly, after four days' hesitation, and some severe fighting with the French in the throat of the ravine by which the Muotta river descends to Schwytz, he attacked Molitor, forced the Pragel, and descended into the little plain of Glarus. This Pragel Pass, the third crossed by the Russians, is much easier than either the Gothard or the Kinzig Kulm. Its height above the sea is only 5,602 feet; the slopes on both sides are easy; the path, practicable for horses, leads over undulating pastures with comparatively little rock, and the valley is in most places wide enough to enable an assailant to overcome the resistance of an enemy inferior in strength. The Russians accordingly found no great difficulty in driving the French before them, and the hardest fighting occurred not in the pass itself, but in the narrow and easily-defensible gorge between the beautiful little lake in the lower part of the Klön Thal and the town of Glarus. Mr. Ball, in his *Alpine Guide*, usually as judicious in its estimates of scenery as it is accurate on points of fact, rather disparages the scenery of the Pragel Pass, while doing full justice to the Klön Thal. But the whole Muotta Thal, as well as the walk from Muotta to Glarus, is of extreme beauty—beauty which at first is of a soft type, but rises into grandeur when, on descending towards the Klön Thal Lake, one comes under the magnificent grey precipices, capped by snow-fields, of the huge Glarnisch. Here, at a spot called Vorauen, there used to be a good inn and Kurhaus, but it was burnt down a year ago, and is not likely to be rebuilt, so that the place is unusually solitary, though within two hours' drive of a railway. There is a tradition that the Russians threw into the lake a military chest which they were unable to carry further, and the prospect of recovering this treasure has led to searches and dredgings, hitherto unsuccessful. Whoever has been at Vigo in Galicia will remember the excitement with which the Spanish boatmen talk of the treasure at the bottom of the bay, where our countrymen sank the great galleon from South America. It is odd to find a similar belief recurring in this remote Alpine valley.

From Glarus Suvarov had meant to fight his way down to the Lake of Wallenstadt, and join the Austrian troops posted on its shore. But they had fallen back after the fatal 26th of September, and the defile of Nafels was held by a French detachment strongly posted on the rapid stream of the Linth. When his lieutenants had repeatedly been foiled in their attempts to carry this point, he saw his position again become desperate. The French had followed him over the Pragel, and were now behind him to the west, as well as in front of him at Nafels. Winter was coming on, and the provisions which Glarus and the narrow valley of the Linth could supply would soon be exhausted. He could not retreat by the way he had come, he had failed to break through in front, he could not stay where he was. Nothing remained but to make for the Rhine Valley over some one of the passes, loftier and more difficult than even the Kinzig Kulm, which lead thither from Glarus. Of the three passes possible, he chose the Panixer, and his passage across it is the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary campaign. It is now so seldom traversed by tourists, although largely used by the peasantry for taking cattle from the Grisons to the more populous northern parts of Switzerland, that some description of it, as we found it this autumn, may be interesting. The path starts from the village of Elm, a spot rendered famous by the great mountain fall which took place there two years ago, destroying part of the hamlet, killing many persons, and covering a considerable tract of good land with stones and rubbish. For about three miles there is a gentle ascent along the stream of the Sernft, a tributary of the Linth. Then the path turns sharply to the south (left), and mounts by zigzags the steep sides of a wild and rocky glen, passing at one place along a slope covered with loose stones that have fallen from the cliffs above, and which lie at an angle high enough to make it difficult to keep one's footing on them when covered with hard snow. After three hours' walking one enters a narrow hollow between savage cliffs, the bottom of which continues in many parts covered with snow all through the summer. Streams descend into it and form a shallow pond, which drains by a subterranean channel, issuing forth no one knows where. Then, after another ascent over rough and slippery rock slopes, the summit is reached, 7,907 feet above sea-level, and a splendid view of the main chain of the Rhaetian Alps, south of the Rhine Valley, rewards the traveller's efforts.

This was the task the Russians found before them. It is easy enough for an active pedestrian, on a fine long day in August, with well-soled boots and alpenstock, a guide to carry his knapsack

and plenty of food in his pockets. But the soldiers were already half-starved, they carried muskets and ammunition as well as knapsacks, and they were pressed in the rear by the French, who had followed them up from Glarus, cutting off stragglers and pouring in fire from behind the rocks. It was already October, and a three days' storm had covered the upper slopes with two feet of snow, through which they plunged wearily where it was soft, and down whose slopes they rolled where it was hard. Those who were forced to bivouac on the way up tried to make fires with their muskets, and the peasant from Elm who accompanied us over the pass pointed out a spot beside the snow-fed pond where the charred remains of musket stocks were to be seen not very long ago. Many must have perished of cold and fatigue in this hollow before reaching the summit. But the descent had dangers more terrible, because more hidden. On the first part of that descent the chief difficulty was the extreme steepness of the declivity, for on this side the snow was frozen hard, and men and horses found it hard to keep their footing. Lower down, some two thousand feet below the summit, the valley bottom, which up to that point has been tolerably smooth, ends abruptly in a precipice about two hundred feet high, which, running from side to side, completely cuts off further descent. Below this a second range of still loftier cliffs crosses the valley, forming a sort of amphitheatre of crags round the alp or mountain pasture above the village of Panix. The path, since it can find no exit by keeping the bottom of the valley, turns at a right angle to the left, crosses by a frail foot-bridge the narrow gorge in which the stream flows, and climbs the eastern side of the valley for some five or six hundred feet, till it reaches a sort of ledge or shelf, along which it is carried above that amphitheatre of crags of which we have spoken, and below another towering precipice of limestone. It then emerges on a wide stretch of pasture, after which the descent to Panix and the Rhine Valley presents no serious difficulty. A traveller coming down in broad daylight would be sorely perplexed to find his way, and though he might by care avoid falling over the cliffs, he would not easily discover the track along the ledge. But it was only the advanced guard of the Russian army that got across in the daylight, or had the help of guides. All signs of the path were of course obliterated by the snow. Those who came behind went stumbling along in the darkness as they best could. When they reached the point where the valley bottom breaks away in precipices, many, not knowing that the path turned off, went straight on, fell over the cliffs, and perished. Those who were warned off by the fate of their comrades turned to the left, but many, missing the bridge, or pressed on by the crowd behind them, were dashed to pieces in the gorge of the river. For many years afterwards piles of bones might be seen at the foot of this terrible cliff, mingled with fragments of small-arms and abandoned guns. How large a part of the army perished by this death, or from hunger and exposure, the authorities do not record, but it was a greatly diminished, as well as a famished, weary, ragged horde that gathered to Suvarof's headquarters at Ilanz on the Rhine, five days after the vanguard had quitted Elm. The loss was even more severe in horses than in men, yet some succeeded in crossing; and to this day the people in the upper valley of the Vorder Rhein, between Ilanz and Dissentis, declare that a peculiar breed of horses which exists there is sprung from the Cossack steeds of Suvarof's army. It is a breed much esteemed, and does a great deal of the summer tourist work not only of the Rhine Valley, but of Canton Uri.

From Ilanz Suvarof moved leisurely down to Chur, and a few weeks afterwards retired, first to winter quarters in South Germany, then home to Russia. The plan of the campaign had been so bad that the disasters which it brought about seem not greater than might have been expected by any accustomed to calculate the chances of war. The blame for its faults rests probably more with the Austrians than with Suvarof; the credit for the courage and tenacity which averted utter ruin belongs wholly to the Russian chief and his indomitable troops. They were ill found in provisions, entirely unaccustomed, not only to mountains, but to skirmishing and the other operations which belong to mountain warfare. They had little artillery, and that of the lightest order; their cavalry was only an incumbrance. Yet their resolution never quailed, and whenever they got the chance of crossing bayonets with the enemy, save only at the bridge of Näfels, they drove him before them. Suvarof was sixty-nine years of age, and died soon after; but he marched at the head of the column, and shared the privations of the common soldier. A more skilful tactician would, perhaps, have refused to undertake a plan with so many risks of failure; but there have been few commanders in history who could by simple force of character and influence over their troops have rescued an army from such perils.

The ordinary historians of the period tell us singularly little about these wonderful marches. Thiers is sketchy and slight; Alison is meagre and dull. By far the best account we have been able to discover is that contained in General Shadwell's book, *Mountain Warfare*, which contains a translation of the Swiss narrative of the campaign compiled principally from the works of the Archduke Charles and of Jomini. The lover of the Alps, as well as the student of military history, will find its concise and lucid narrative full of interest.

A MEDITERRANEAN IDYL.

IT is but a day or two since the Birmingham paper which is affected to the service of those about Mr. Chamberlain gratified its readers with a truly touching piece of information. "Mr. Schnadhorst," it told them, "has reached Port Said safely [safe from the wicked Tories *qui pertransiunt* in these latter days! and his health is much improved." At first sight, the full import of this intelligence may have escaped the average reader. It was nice, no doubt, to hear that Mr. Schnadhorst (who was very much and vainly wanted but a few days ago) had turned up in a place known to geography; nicer to hear that he was in safety; nicest to hear that his health—that health so precious to a palpitating Caucasus—was improved. The locality, too, was full of tender suggestions. It was in the land of Joseph, of Joseph and his Brethren—but the last is a false note, and we beg pardon, though the Great Twin Brethren must certainly have passed through Port Said on their way to or from that antipodean temple of luxury and ease which had such a fatal influence on their own future comfort, and served as a means of introducing two great men, Lord Hartington and the porter of the Reform Club, to each other's distinguished acquaintance. That, however, may be let pass, may be let slide. No one will deny that Port Said is in the land of Joseph—by the way, if that shameless canard which the *P. M. G.* started has any foundation of fact, the *Madame Putiphar* of Tories once experimented on the modern Joseph with results far other than they should have been. The associations of the country are all such as to procure *mollia tempora* for Mr. Schnadhorst. From the Pyramids two or three-score centuries look down approval on the man who knew how to organize the labours of the people. As all arts were invented in Egypt, a man of such intelligence and information as Mr. Schnadhorst could not but be struck by the thought, "Here, belike, the screw, noblest of the mechanical powers, was first made, and first Put On." The donkeys, too, no doubt, reminded Mr. Schnadhorst of Tories; the hieroglyphics of the archives of the Birmingham Liberal Association; the "inscrutable smile of the head by the Nile" of the expression proper to a man who is asked how it is that while certainly a third, and probably more, of the inhabitants of Birmingham are Conservatives, there are—what is it?—four? Conservative representatives in a Town Council numbering several scores. But the chiefest reason which Mr. Schnadhorst must have had for feeling glad and happy by the shores of the tideless, dolorous midland sea has yet to be told. Until Tuesday, or thereabouts, the faithful sheep of Birmingham were ignorant of the health, and a good many of them, it would seem, of the whereabouts, of their Shepherd—their Shepheard, let us spell it, to give it local colour—but until the same time the Shepherd must have been ignorant of the fate of his sheep in the great Aston case. Keen, doubtless, was the joy in Birmingham when it was known that Mr. Schnadhorst, after diving under, had come up smiling; no less keen must have been the joy of Mr. Schnadhorst on learning how that rather dangerous game of "going for Jarvis" had been, if not won, at any rate not lost. Therefore the meeting of Mr. Schnadhorst and the Correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*, amid the stately pleasure-domes of Port Said, must have been a truly idyllic moment, and we only wish that Theocritus (who had rather a habit of writing *dans ces parages*, though a distinguished American traveller thinks otherwise) had been there to tell the tale of it.

The *Daily News*, to its immortal honour, pronounced on the Aston riots, and Mr. Kynnersley's evasion of them, the sentence that "the fun has been good, but there has been enough of it." This is one of those sentences which are popularly said to do equal honour to the head and the heart of the writer. A very keen analyst might refine upon this by saying that the first half does credit to the head and the second to the heart. It is creditable to Liberal intelligence to have enjoyed the fun of the Aston case, though the Liberals certainly furnished most of that fun, and it is creditable to Liberal honesty to confess that any more of the same fun would be rather disagreeable to it. The little details about the origin of the affidavits; and the "going for Jarvis"; and the extremely outspoken remarks of Mr. Reed, who, like the heroic Bicarat in the *Trois Mousquetaires*, might say on his hospital couch, "Ci git Reed, seul de ceux qui étaient avec lui"; and the disappearance of Mr. Smith and Mr. Mack; and the sudden necessity for Mr. Schnadhorst's seeking a happier clime; and, above all, the never-to-be-forgotten horror of Mr. Harris at the idea of the epistolary correspondence of the Birmingham Liberal Association being exposed to each vagrant foot and each licentious eye, make up a total which will never be forgot by those who were there and those who were not. Moreover Mr. Satchell Hopkins, with a brutal indifference to the suggestion of the *Daily News* that it would like to leave off playing, hints that he doesn't see it. It appears that Mr. Jarvis fails to see the fun of being exclusively gone for, and would like to go for somebody else. This, however, is dealing in "futures." The past is quite amusing enough to occupy the present. For it is undeniable that Mr. Harris's despairing appeal, Did any one ever hear of such impudence? ("Jeverseesuch-impudence?" my Lord Castlewood would have put it, in one most effective word), and his denunciations of the Spanish Inquisition presided over by Mr. Kynnersley, and all the rest of it, have created in the minds, not of Tories only, a most burning desire to see the mysterious documents the idea of the disclosure of which could startle a gentleman learned in the law so far from his property. Does Mr. Allard, during Mr. Schnadhorst's absence for

urgent private affairs, wear them next his heart? Does Mr. Hackney sit on them with a loaded pistol? What can be their contents that the mere notion of their being seen sent grave persons of full age into a "jumping mad" condition like Admiral Courbet's, and induced Mr. Harris to imitate the conduct of his celebrated namesake, when by a pious fraud his owls were said to be organs? The wicked literary man denounced many years since by Professor Beesly licks his lips at the thoughts of the romance, now, the romances in various styles, into which those letters could evidently be wrought. As thus for instance:—

In the course of her timid wanderings our heroine suddenly lifted a ponderous drapery and found herself (though happily he marked her not) in the presence of the R-ght H-n-r-ble J-s-ph Ch-m-b-r-l-n. He was rapidly striding up and down the gorgeous apartment, and his Roman profile was distorted by the mingled passions of fear (Yes! he feared) and of rage. Suddenly he stopped his walk and exclaimed "Badger! Ha! ha!" Then after a moment's silence there burst from his lips the frenzied words, "Knaves! why loiter they? Ha! Schnadhorst, Allard, Hackney, why desert me at my need?" At this moment a messenger, booted and spurred, rushed without noticing her past the trembling girl and dropped on one knee before his master. "R-ght H-n-r-ble g-nlém-n," said he (it was thus that all true Birmingham men spoke of the pride of their town) "the affidavits!" The brow of J-s-ph cleared. "Ha! ha!" he cried, "I will c-r-r-rush them."

Or thus in another style:—

LETTER XCI.

Mr. Nemo Nameless, London, to Messrs. Alias and Alibi, Birmingham.
DEAR SIRS,—On receipt of this, kindly send special sample of affidavits, as per margin, quoting prices F. O. B., and oblige,

Yours, &c.

NEMO NAMELESS.

LETTER XCII.

Messrs. Alias and Alibi, Birmingham, to Mr. Nemo Nameless, London.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find invoice of very choice line of affidavits. All go for Jarvis. We can procure as many of same kind as may be needful. Witnesses will take trip for moon immediately after signing.

Yours, &c.

ALIAS AND ALIBI.

So long as this unaccountable modesty on the part of the Birmingham Liberal Association continues, a wicked world will certainly see in these letters which drew such owls from good Mr. Harris matter of this kind. Whereas, of course, the real contents were something quite different, as thus:—

From the R-ght H-n-r-ble J-s-ph Ch-m-b-r-l-n, to Messrs. Schnadhorst, Allard, Hackney, Smith, Mack, Reed, &c., Birmingham.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS.—Do not, I beseech you, do not insist on my producing in Parliament these painful documents which your efforts and the force of truth have elicited. I would rather, much rather, that my enemies should triumph. I pray every day for Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-l, Sir H-nry W-lff, and the S-t-rd-y R-v-w, and it sometimes grieves me that our principles forbid my imploring the intercession of my sainted ancestor (whom, I think, I have mentioned previously) in their behalf.

Yours, &c.

P.S.—Kindly invest the enclosed cheque for 100,000. for the benefit of any reduced screw-maker you may know.

This, we say, is no doubt what the letters—at the idea of the production of which Mr. Harris invoked the Star Chamber and the Inquisition—really did contain, whereas, in consequence of Mr. Harris's hysterics, or Mr. Kynnersley's desire to get out of a very unpleasant matter, or of this, that, and the other, an entirely wrong impression has been produced in most minds as to their contents. Modesty, the besetting sin of the President of the Board of Trade, is no doubt to blame for the tactical mistake. That great man (whom Sir Charles Dilke, intending a compliment doubtless, pointed out at Aristocratic Aylesbury as the ideal vestryman) would blush to find his good deeds published. So we shall know nothing about them, unless, indeed, Mr. Jarvis proves obstinate, and for the present Mr. Schnadhorst may pursue his way to Orient climes untroubled for the archives of his beloved institution. Amid the diamond turrets of Shadukiam and the fragrant bowers of Amberabad no thought of immediately unpleasant revelations need worry him, and only a passing doubt whether the Tories may be still more successful than they have hitherto been in exhorting the impudent Reed. The relief from mental strain must be great, and we join very heartily in congratulating Mr. Schnadhorst on it. Let us only hope that the ghost of Smith will not haunt him at Shadukiam or the bodily presence of Mack try to do a little *chantage* (how different from the singing of the birds in its fragrant bower!) at Amberabad. But still, if Mr. Schnadhorst would do us a little favour in return for these good wishes, we really should be obliged. There are two questions—one old, one new—to which we are dying to know the answers. Where are those witnesses? and What was in those letters?

ANKERS.

THE modern archaeologist appears to be "unentered," as huntsmen would say, to ankars. A hermitage he will hunt out with the perseverance of a sleuthhound, but for anker-holds he has but a very indifferent nose. Yet ankars were far more common in this country than hermits, and it is probable that portions of their cells, still in existence, are often attributed to other origins. The *eremita* lived in a desert, a wood, a fen, a cave, or an island, away from the haunts of men; but the *Anachorita* lived in a cell, which was usually built against a church, on a bridge, in a wall,

or over city gates. From the sixth to the fifteenth centuries anker-holds abounded in Great Britain. Cornwall, Wales, and the South of Scotland were specially noted for them, and it is pretty certain that "the anker in the wall beside Bishopsgate, London," mentioned by a certain testator in his will, was but one of very many *anachorite*s in old London.

One of the most interesting documents on the subject of the old recluses is a rule of life which was drawn up for them in the ninth century by a monk of the name of Grimlaic. According to this rule, it would seem that it was generally considered best to build two or three ankars' cells together. The occupants, unlike the Carthusians, who may be considered the strictest recluses still remaining, never met together in one chamber or in church; but they were enabled to communicate with each other by means of small windows. Other windows looked from each cell into the church, when the anker-holds adjoined one. Through these second windows they were allowed at certain times to converse with their friends from the outside world. When practicable, there was a small garden to each cell, so that the anker might get fresh air and perform some manual labour. Ankars who were priests had small oratories attached to their cells, containing altars for their masses. Grimlaic admonishes these clerical ankars to be careful in keeping their altar-linen scrupulously clean. Nor is their linen the only thing that they are to wash. "Tubbing" is laid down as part of the rule, and a bath is to be one of the very few articles of furniture allowed in the cells. It is amusing to observe that objections appear to have been made against the habitual tub as a degenerate luxury of the ninth century, and that the objectors argued that St. Anthony never bathed; but Grimlaic would not give way on this ground. Priestly ankars, at any rate, must on no account neglect their splashes. "There are some, perchance, who will tell me," says Grimlaic, "that St. Antony never tubbed. I curstly reply to such, 'If St. Antony never tubbed, he never said Mass.' Therefore, the use of baths is left to the discretion of priests, in order that they may have the means of celebrating the sacred mysteries cleanly and worthily."

Four hundred years later St. Edmund drew up constitutions for English ankars; a hundred years later still Simon Mepeham issued others; and in episcopal registers it is not unusual to find entries of licences to *anachorite* or *eremite*. Before being walled up, the anker was made to fast on bread and water, and he had to spend the night preceding the ceremony in vigils. He made his vows in a church either before the bishop, or some priest appointed by the bishop, and then he received Holy Communion; or, if a priest, he said the Mass of the Holy Ghost. He was then led in procession to his cell, when the bishop went in and blessed it, and on coming out said, "If he wish to enter, let him enter." While the anker went into his cell, the choir sang "The angels lead thee into Paradise." The cell and its occupant were then sprinkled with holy water and incense, and the order of extreme unction was recited, but not administered. The anker lay down in a grave dug in his cell, intoning "This is my rest for ever and ever. Here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." The bishop sprinkled some earth upon him and left the cell, and then the door was walled up and sealed.

Some ankeresses taught classes of children through the windows of their cells. Others "took in washing"—ecclesiastical washing, it is true, but not the less washing. Although enclosed in the most literal meaning of the word, ankars and ankeresses led a very different life from members of what are called "enclosed orders." The anker's cell window appears to have been a favourite place of resort for advice, consolation, and even a little gossip. These windows are often the only remaining signs of anker-holds. In ruined churches they are frequently mistaken for confessional booths. On the other hand, when on the outer walls, it is sometimes doubtful whether small low windows, which look very like those of an anker's cell, may not have been those used for communicating lepers. Altogether, anker-hold hunting may safely be recommended as an entertaining sport to archaeologists; and we may add that when they find one of these interesting relics of the middle ages, they are at liberty to call it the cell of an anker, ancar, ancor, anchor, ancre, ancrese, anchorite, or anchor; for there are precedents for the use of each of these names; but they must beware of speaking of ankars as hermits, or of confounding them with monks and nuns. Of the latter there are still many thousands, but there are no more ankars.

GENERAL GÖRGEY.

THE other day, in a private room in one of the by-streets of Pesth, five old soldiers presented to their former commander a document, the full significance and indeed the full pathos of which we in England can with difficulty appreciate, owing to distance both of time and space. Not only is Hungary a long way off, occupying but a small place in an Englishman's mental horizon, but the events referred to in that document happened thirty-five years ago, in those antediluvian days when the Second Empire as yet was not, and the World's Fair had not been held in Hyde Park. Even in Hungary the War of Independence is passing into the domain of history. Those, however, of our readers who are old enough to remember that war as a contemporary event discussed in the columns of the *Times* and the *Daily News*, and afterwards retold in burning words by the most eloquent foreigner that ever addressed an English audience, will remember that the

Hungarian Commander-in-Chief, Arthur Görgey, was the scapegoat sent out into the wilderness with all the sins and sorrows of that unsuccessful struggle upon his head. It was not enough that two of the most formidable military Powers of the Continent joined their forces to crush the Hungarians; they were betrayed, so we were assured, by the foremost soldier in their ranks, to whom the Governor Kossuth had in a moment of misplaced confidence entrusted the fortunes of his country. What was the precise character of the unworthy motives that led General Görgey to soil his laurels with treachery was variously and vaguely explained; but it was generally assumed that his motives must have been unworthy. The capitulation of Világos, when 24,000 men, with 144 cannon, laid down their arms before the Russian commander, was for the Hungarian nation the humiliations of Sedan and Metz and Paris rolled into one. By it two delusions dear to the national mind seemed in danger of being dissipated—that Hungary alone in arms could defy all her enemies round about; and, if not, the free peoples of the West would interfere in her behalf. The theory of Görgey's treason came in opportunely to save the *amour propre* of the nation and of those who had fostered those dangerous and dear illusions. The events which preceded and those which followed the capitulation combined to lend plausibility to the theory of treason. Early in the course of the war it had become apparent that the Assembly, under the leadership of Kossuth, and the army, under the leadership of Görgey, held irreconcileable views with regard to the proper aim and scope of the struggle against Austria. The more sanguine partisans on either side urged their leader to suppress his rival by violent means. To bring Görgey before a court-martial, to disperse the Assembly at Debreczin as Cromwell dispersed the Long Parliament, such would have been the logical issues of the disagreement. But the leaders shrank from such extreme courses. Each was too sensible of the weakness of his own position; each perhaps over-estimated the power of his rival. It was only the military disasters consequent upon the energetic and effectual intervention of the Russians that gave the soldier a final preponderance over the agitator. Kossuth abdicated and fled; Görgey remained and capitulated. By surrendering, not to the Austrian, but to the Russian commander, he emphasized the fact that Hungary yielded only to *force majeure*, and was conquered only by foreign arms. In so acting he conceived that he was saving the military honour of his country. One, however, of the consequences of his so acting was that his life was spared through the express intervention of Russia, while his companions in arms were shot, hanged, and imprisoned. Under these circumstances it was but natural, however illogical and unfair, to make him responsible, not only for the failure of the campaign, but also for the severity of the repression which began as soon as the Russian troops had left Hungary. Thus, as a deputy expressed himself in 1868, "poor Görgey had to be branded as a traitor that we might save the prestige of the country." From 1849 to 1867 Görgey was "interned" in Klagenfurt as a political suspect, and was not permitted to return home until the reconciliation of the King and the nation took place in the latter year. On several occasions after his return he was publicly and grossly insulted both in the capital and the provinces. Yet he counted among his friends and adherents the most prominent and most esteemed members of Hungarian society, and he was employed by the Government both as a chemist and an engineer.

Few European countries have changed as much as Hungary during the last thirty-five, or even during the last seventeen years. The generation that fought and suffered in the War of Independence has become a minority, although its surviving members are still the most distinguished men of their country both in politics and letters. General Görgey's great rival, the ex-Governor, has of late years revived the recollection of that war by the publication of his "Memoirs." Their publication led to a certain recrudescence of old controversies. Görgey and his friends replied by articles in the *Budapest Review* and other periodicals. At last, in the spring of the current year, two or three members of the old Honvéd army, discussing the question among themselves, determined to collect the opinions of their surviving comrades. Finding that their own view of the matter was generally though not universally held, they drew up a declaration to the effect that in capitulating at Világos General Görgey had altogether acted as became a soldier and a patriot. This declaration, dated the 30th of May, was presented to the general on the 22nd of November, by which time it had been signed by 207 old Honvéd officers, a goodly number when we take into account the ravages which thirty-five years have made in their ranks. The document begins by reflecting on their daily diminishing numbers—one of them, General Gaspar, has died since his signature was affixed—on the advanced age of those who still remain, on the destruction of the original official papers by the enemy, and the desirableness in the interests of historic truth of their making such a declaration. They are further moved to do so by feelings of humanity and of loyalty to a comrade and a commander who for so many years has supported with so much manly fortitude so great a weight of unarmed opprobrium; further, by a juster idea of the honour of their country than to suppose that it can be served by the maintenance of a fable invented in a moment of despair, the need for which fable, if it ever existed, has long ago passed away. They then point out the desperate position of the Hungarian army before Világos, and recall General Görgey's words in his farewell proclamation to his troops, "It is impossible that the right cause should be lost for ever." Among the names appended may be noticed those of General

Klapka, Count Scherr Thosz, the Prussian Baron Uechritz, Counts Esterhazy, Karolyi, and Andrasz, and that of M. Gustave Kossuth, sometime lieutenant in the Honvéd army and a cousin of the Governor.

A WORD IN SEASON.

TO all such dwellers in the Metropolitan Police District (which, being interpreted, means London and its suburbs, the City excepted) as are beginning to entertain gloomy apprehensions of long nights made bitter by Waits and kindred horrors, the following remarks are addressed.

"Street musicians" in that extensive district have occupied the attention of the Legislature, and we are sorry to say that they have not occupied it to such good purpose as has been the case elsewhere—at Truro, for example. But, though improvements in the present law on this point might (and shall) be suggested, it may be useful to indicate its very brief history and present effect. In 1839 was passed the Act of Parliament by which the Metropolitan Police were instituted, and are still mainly regulated. The 57th section of this Act made provision for the street musician; and all it was then thought expedient to provide was that he must, under a penalty of not more than forty shillings, depart from the neighbourhood of any house of which the householder "personally, or by his servant, or by any police-constable," required him to depart, on account of illness in the house, "or any other reasonable cause." The obvious objections to this arrangement were that, by mentioning only illness as a specific cause for driving away the musicians, the framers of the statute incurred the peril of too narrow a construction being given to the words "any other reasonable cause"; and that the scope of the section was unduly restrained by making it necessary for the householder to "require" the individual musician to go away. When a householder is aroused from sleep by the fiendish howls of a Wait, it is almost as disagreeable to go downstairs and find a servant "or any police-constable" through whom to give legal effect to his requirement—much more to "require" personally—as it is to lie still "en suffer," as Uncle Remus would say. It will be found that the subsequent amendment, to which we have now to call attention, in some measure abates the first of these objections and considerably aggravates the second. In 1864 the section was supplemented by the passing of an entire Act of Parliament, called "An Act for the Better Regulation of Street Music." The preamble of this Act recites that the provision already described "has been found insufficient for the protection of such householders from annoyance of street musicians." It therefore practically re-enacts the 57th section of the former Act, but it brings "street singers" as well as "street musicians" within its scope, and adds to the "illness" and "any other reasonable cause" which were formerly necessary to justify the interference of the householder, "interruption of the ordinary occupations or pursuits of every inmate of such house." This was well enough, and it was also well done as far as it went, to raise the maximum punishment for the musician who refuses to go away when "required" under the Act to do so, to three days' imprisonment. But the statute then proceeds to guard against the danger which its authors apprehended, of making the householder's lot too happy, by the proviso that no punishment can be inflicted unless the person who makes the charge—i.e. the householder "personally, or by his servant, or by any police-constable"—must himself give the offender into custody, and must accompany the police-constable and the captured musician "to the nearest police station-house, and there sign the charge-sheet kept for such purpose." As the householder is expressly empowered to employ the agency of the police in "requiring" the musician or singer to go, it seems that this will justify the police in acting upon orders given to them by individual householders, who are interrupted by the nocturnal songster in the "ordinary occupation or pursuit" of sleeping, or indeed of earning their living, and driving the offender away. But if he will not go, then the householder can, there is too much reason to fear, get no redress under this Act, except by going forth into the night and signing a charge-sheet at the nearest police station-house. This is certainly not a sufficient provision, though in practice it may be hoped that if those who suffer from Waits will make the police their agents to require them to depart, and are fortunate in the policemen they get, the Waits will either not know the leniency of the law, or will not think it worth while to pass the night in a lock-up, and brave the vindictive fury of a householder in the morning for the mere joy of having made him tramp the streets in his dressing-gown the night before. The law has already recognized the right of any householder to send away street musicians if he chooses on behalf of himself or any inmate of his house. It is therefore obviously desirable that it should be possible for him to exercise his right without undergoing an evil not less serious than that from which it is intended to protect him. This end might be secured by repealing the absurd proviso and substituting a section empowering any policeman, who had been ordered by a householder to enforce the law on his behalf during the night, to take a refractory musician into custody on his own authority, and report the circumstance in the morning to the householder, who might then be required either to prosecute the musician or to compensate him for his detention.

In the present state of the law the following information is all we have to offer.

As regards instruments other than the human voice, the somewhat inept provisions discussed above are supplemented by a section which it appears to be the clear duty of the police to enforce without the intervention of any householder (by himself or his servant) or other aggrieved person. The 54th Section of the aforesaid Act of 1839 is a long section enumerating a variety of street offences, the commission of which is punishable with a fine of forty shillings. Any policeman who sees any of them being committed may arrest the offender without a warrant. The 14th sub-section of Section 54 runs as follows:—"Every person, except the guards and postmen belonging to Her Majesty's Post-Office in the performance of their duty, who shall blow any horn or use any other noisy instrument for the purpose of calling persons together [or for some other purposes] or of obtaining money or alms." It may be argued that this section would make it an offence for a brass band to play good music at a reasonable time; but the fact that a statute might be put in force where it is not wanted seems an insufficient reason for not putting it in force where it is wanted.

THE STORY OF THE CHINESE RITES.

THE recent dispute between the Court of Rome and the Portuguese Government about the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa, which appears at last to have been settled by a compromise, recalls a strange and scandalous, but somewhat obscure, episode in the history of the Jesuit Order and its relations with the Holy See some two centuries ago, under the pontificate of Clement XI. The story might indeed appear almost incredible, were it not so abundantly authenticated by contemporary evidence. We have called it obscure, because the Jesuits betrayed their consciousness of the discreditable nature of the transaction by doing their best to obliterate all records of it. The Lazarist Memoirs of the Congregation of the Mission, which were carefully collated by the late Father Theiner with other authorities in the Vatican Library, they managed to get suppressed by an injunction of the late Pope; but a copy of the volume containing this narrative happens fortunately to have been preserved at Munich in a private library, besides a complete set in the Benedictine library there, which last however students are not allowed to consult. The story may also be found in the Lazarist *Anecdotes on the State of Religion in China* and the *Memoirs of Cardinal Tournon*—the Papal Legate with whom the Jesuits came into such scandalous conflict—compiled by Cardinal Passionei. It is specially remarkable as illustrating the utter disregard of the powerful Order, not only for the interests of Christianity and of the Church, but for the great Ultramontane principle of supreme devotion to the Holy See, which it was expressly founded and always loudly professes to uphold, wherever its own immediate interests are at stake. For the real origin of the contention lay in the fact that the Jesuit missionaries had succeeded by the skill of Father Ricci in establishing an influential position at the Chinese Court, in great measure through conniving at the retention of various Pagan practices among their converts, and this position they resolved at all hazards to maintain. It was clear that, if the decisions of the Holy See against their strange compromise with heathen superstition were honestly carried out, their influence at Court would be shaken if not destroyed, and hence their long and obstinate resistance, by every assailable method of violence or fraud, to the judgment—in this case a most righteous judgment—of what they had always been forward to magnify as the supreme and infallible tribunal in all questions of Christian faith and morals. To what extent the scandal had already advanced, in spite of several adverse decisions of Rome, before Clement XI, was at last constrained to interfere, may be judged from the circumstance that one Jesuit, Father Scholl, had quietly married and retired from ministerial work to the enjoyment of a handsome fortune, bestowed on him by the Chinese Emperor, which however the Society after his death managed to reclaim from his children. They were obliged indeed eventually to yield to the stringent enactments of the Bull *Ex illa die*, issued against them in 1715, but not till after every resource of chicanery or force had been exhausted in their unnatural conflict with a power they should have been the first to acknowledge. A brief sketch of this curious historical episode called to memory by the recent quarrel between the Papal and Portuguese Courts may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The Jesuits had early acquired a footing in China, and they relied for the maintenance of their advantageous position on the combined influence of the Chinese and the Portuguese Governments. The latter held at that time large possessions in India, and had even pushed its authority as far as Macao, and it claimed ecclesiastical rights commensurate with its colonial empire. The Archbishop of Goa was allowed by Rome to style himself Primate of all the Indies, and the Jesuits, who were at the time in high favour with the King of Portugal and many of whose missionaries were Portuguese, found it their interest in every way to uphold and extend his jurisdiction, while at the same time they sought to evade the jurisdiction of Vicars Apostolic sent from Rome. Their method of gaining influence at Pekin, which was specially promoted by Father Ricci, who arrived there in 1581, has already been mentioned. After they had persistently ignored many previous charges alleged against them, matters were at last brought to a crisis by the action of Mgr. Maigret, one of the Vicars Apostolic, whose complaints were

referred to the Congregation of the Inquisition, and in 1704 Clement XI. pronounced sentence against the Jesuits, and Mgr. Tournon was sent to China as Legate *a latere* to arrange matters, invested with full powers which gave him jurisdiction over all bishops in the province. What happened on his arrival at Pekin we know from the printed statement of his private secretary, Manello Angelita, who afterwards returned to Europe, and from his own subsequent letters written from Macao to the Cardinal Secretary of State, Paolucci. The Emperor received him favourably at first, but Father Pereyra, the leading Jesuit at Pekin, did his utmost to thwart him in every way and to excite the jealousy of the Imperial Court against him, the special ground of Jesuit hostility being the question of the Chinese Rites, but a further cause was found in the discovery by the Legate of usurious practices on the part of the Society, which he condemned by a decree of May 17, 1706. By the end of August the Emperor had been induced to banish him from Pekin and to forbid his exercising any jurisdiction over the Jesuit establishments there, though he was expressly invested with that jurisdiction by the Pope. The Jesuits also resisted the Bishop of Pekin when he attempted, in the exercise of his ordinary diocesan jurisdiction, to hold a visitation of his own Cathedral. The Bishop naturally appealed to the Legate, who here again pronounced sentence against them, which however produced no result. But this was not the worst. Mgr. Tournon had been ordered by the Emperor to retire to Canton, but constant delays were interposed in his journey by the Chinese officials, and he was detained several months at Nankin. While there he learnt that an Imperial edict had been issued forbidding any priests to minister in China without a licence from the Government, conditional on their subscribing certain specified terms which involved the very points in dispute between the Jesuits and the Holy See. To accept such an edict involved of course the purest Erastianism, and was in flagrant contradiction with the first principles of the Roman Catholic Church, but the Jesuit Fathers at Pekin—who had in fact procured it—took care to circulate the decree throughout the Empire. The Legate replied by promulgating from Pekin the final decision of the Holy See against the Chinese Rites, and a formal announcement of his own plenary legatine authority. But the Jesuits still refused to submit, and appealed against the Legate to Rome, while he meanwhile was ordered by the Emperor from Canton to Macao, where there was a Portuguese Governor and Bishop, the latter being a creature of the Society. Acting under their guidance he informed the Legate on his arrival that his acts were null and void, as they violated the sovereign rights of Portugal "over all lands discovered and to be discovered in the East Indies," and that no Papal faculty or sentence could hold good in the diocese without previous sanction of the civil power. To reconcile such a protest with Roman Catholic, to say nothing of Jesuit, principles would be indeed no easy task. It was a Jesuit Father however who undertook to convey from the Portuguese Governor-General at Goa to the Jesuit Provincial at Macao a prohibition to acknowledge the legatine authority. Mgr. Tournon on receiving this intimation from the Provincial not unnaturally reminded him of the special Jesuit vow of obedience to the Pope, and as this produced no impression, proceeded to formal censures. Thereupon the Jesuits, who had all along been using the secular authority, whether of the Chinese or Portuguese Governments, against the ecclesiastical, had the Legate placed in confinement, while his legatine claims were publicly repudiated. And on the feast of St. Francis Xavier Father Ferreira denounced him from the pulpit under the flattering designation of Lucifer.

To those who know anything of the professed principles and discipline of the Church of Rome and of the Society of Jesus the tale will appear so far almost incredible, and it would be incredible if it did not happen to be true. But there was stranger still to come. On July 24, 1707, the Bishop of Macao published a formal decree declaring null and void all censures pronounced by the Legate, and enjoining all under pain of excommunication to reject his authority, while the Legate himself was commanded, under pain of the greater excommunication to be *ipso facto* incurred, to revoke within three days all the sentences he had pronounced on the express ground that he had no legitimate authority. This marvellous decree—which may be read at length in the *Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Tournon*—was solemnly promulgated during Mass in the Cathedral of Macao, and the only result of the Legate's indignant protest was to increase the rigours of his imprisonment. Meanwhile news had arrived of his promotion to the Sacred College, and six ecclesiastics were despatched from Rome to bring him the Red Hat. On reaching Macao they were at once thrown into prison, while the new Cardinal was subjected to fresh indignities. His health, which had never been strong, succumbed at last to this process of continued persecution, which sufficiently accounts for the result without resorting to the suspicion of poison entertained in some quarters. On Whitsunday 1710 he died in prison. Five years later the Jesuits were at length compelled to submit to the peremptory Bull issued by Clement XI, and thus the scandalous Chinese Rites controversy came to an end, not too soon for their own credit or the credit of their Church. It is true that this curious episode is no unique instance of gross inconsistency and insubordination on the part of the great Society; witness their conduct in the affair of Bishop Palafox, and their reliance on the Protestant Government of Prussia, and the schismatic Government of Russia to protect them against the authority

of Rome. Such illustrations sufficiently bear out the common saying about them, *ubi bene nihil melius, ubi male nihil peius*. But the history of their dealings with Cardinal Tournon also shows that what look like mere trivial disputes about matters of form may have some deeper ground. The question discussed so elaborately the other day between the Papal and Portuguese Courts about the jurisdiction of the See of Goa might appear to ordinary apprehension a mere technicality; but we have seen that once at least it had a very serious and practical significance. Whether the troubles of his predecessor Clement XI. were present to the mind of Leo XIII. we cannot undertake to say, but the spirit and pretensions of the Jesuit Society, in spite of the tremendous ordeal of a forty years' suppression, from which they have managed to recover with no great loss of influence or prestige, do not change with the lapse of centuries. Only it seems as if the Court of Rome, which was very slow at first to authorize the creation of so menacing an *imperium in imperio*, and has more than once found itself—like Roman Emperors of old—in direct and violent conflict with its own "praetorians," had at last abandoned an unequal contest. For many years past it has been commonly believed in Italy that the "black Pope" governs, whatever "white Pope" reigns.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THIS year's Smithfield Club's Show of cattle and sheep was the largest ever held. There were 261 cattle exhibited against 249 in 1882, the greatest number ever before present at Islington; and there were 207 pens of sheep against 191 pens last year, the maximum previously. But there was a continued falling off in pigs; only 67 pens, against 79 last year, and 88 the year before. The increase in cattle and sheep is due chiefly to the happy stamping out of cattle disease, which has permitted the removal of all restrictions upon the movements of stock, and allowed the animals exhibited at the provincial shows to make their appearance at the Agricultural Hall. Another circumstance, too, has for a little time back been tending to increase the competition at Islington. About two or three years ago the Council adopted a rule which permits exhibitors to send to their Christmas Show two animals in each class, instead of one, as previously. This undoubtedly tends to the bringing together of a very large number of fat stock; but it is open to question whether it promotes the true object of the Show; whether, that is, it does not tend to the discouragement of small competitors. Wealthy exhibitors with large means and large flocks and herds enjoy a greater chance as compared with the small exhibitors, who have not the same resources. But it is not altogether an advantage to discourage the smaller men. In respect to quality as well as numbers the Show, too, was very good. The lambs, particularly, were excellent. For instance, the whole class of Southdown lambs has been commended; and a pen of Southdown lambs has not only taken the first prize in its class, but it has also taken the silver cup, as best animals of the breed, and the 50*l.* champion plate, as best lambs or sheep in the Hall. The whole of the sheep exhibited, indeed, are very good; and, generally speaking, so are the cattle. The increase in the cattle is not marked either in the Devon, Hereford, Sussex, or shorthorn breeds; it is due chiefly to the better exhibition of Scotch cattle and cross-breeds. And it is a cross-breed which wins the champion plate. The competition for the cattle champion plate was looked forward to with special interest, because the decision of the judges at Norwich and Birmingham showed a wide difference of opinion, and the animals which carried off the prizes at these two shows, it was understood, would be pitted against one another at Islington; while there was a rumour that a third animal, not previously exhibited, would make its appearance in the Agricultural Hall, and would be found a formidable rival by the champions of the two provincial shows. What added to the interest was that the judges at Birmingham departed from the rule which apparently had previously decided competitions there. Hitherto it has been supposed that prizes were given for weight of flesh; but the animal which carried off the champion prize this year was very much smaller than many of its competitors, and was declared winner rather for its beauty and breed than for the mass of fat laid on. In the result, however, the Birmingham champion was awarded only a third prize, and consequently was not admitted to the final competition for the championship; while the steer that carried off the prize at Norwich was declared an easy winner at the Agricultural Hall. It is an enormous beast, weighing nearly 23*½* cwt., at about three and a half years old; certainly an extraordinary specimen of early feeding. But the divergence of view between the judges at the several shows seems to prove that they have in their own minds no clear principles to guide them, and consequently that the competition year after year has not the educating influence intended by the founders of the Club. It is a point eminently deserving the attention of the Council. If the Show is not to degenerate into a mere rivalry of amateurs, it ought surely to be directed to a clearly-conceived end. But to return. Both in cattle and in sheep the championship was carried off by commoners, and the chief prize of all was won by an exhibitor who has not taken a foremost place at previous Shows, though he has been a not unfrequent contributor. The greater competitors generally have not been very successful, with the exception of the Royal Family. The Queen, as last year, won a large number of prizes, though she

failed in carrying off the championship; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were also amongst the prize-winners.

It has been said that a visitor to the Show would little suspect from the number and quality of the beasts exhibited that there is widespread agricultural depression. The remark betrays a singular ignorance of the conditions under which these Shows are held. The breeding, rearing, and fattening of cattle for exhibition is necessarily to a large extent the work of very rich people who can afford to run much risk, and to make experiments with little hope of pecuniary profit. Whether there is agricultural depression or not, the Queen, the Royal Princes, the great nobles, and wealthy commoners can compete with one another for distinction as breeders and fatteners of cattle. But while this constitutes the strength of the Smithfield Club's Shows, it also constitutes their weakness. It is to be feared that the Shows as at present conducted have conferred upon British farming nearly all the benefits they are capable of rendering. They were started at a time when all the conditions of agriculture were different from those that now prevail. At the end of last century the population was small, and it raised from the soil of these islands all the food it required, not only for home consumption, but to a large extent also for the provisioning of the armies and navies it was then sending abroad to resist revolutionary France. British farmers, therefore, were sure of the home market, and the object aimed at by scientific agriculturists who desired to improve the art was to teach the farmers how to use their advantages to the utmost by producing the largest quantity of food for the consumer. Now, however, our farmers have no longer a monopoly of the home market. Year after year the competition of foreigners is becoming more and more intense. The railway and the steamship have so abridged distances that not only are London and the other large towns supplied with live cattle from the Continent, but even America is sending its contingents; while the improvements made in the modes of preserving meat are promising before long so large a supply of dead meat from Texas, South America, and the Colonies as will increase the foreign competition and inevitably make meat cheaper. The object, therefore, of British farmers is no longer simply to produce the most food possible, but to produce such food as they raise so cheaply that they can maintain the competition with the foreigner. The Smithfield Club Shows, which were admirably adapted to the conditions existing at the end of last century, are no longer suited to the conditions of to-day, and we would urge upon the Club the desirableness of reconsidering the principles upon which they act at present, with a view to the adoption of such changes as may help the farmers in the struggle in which they are engaged. It is not probable, indeed, that any system of exhibition can be devised which will make the rearing and exhibiting of animals general. The business must always be more or less that of amateurs who can afford a large outlay and considerable risk for the chance of occasional prizes and of the prestige they bring with them. But the rules of the exhibitions may be so modified as to lead to experiments that will enable the skilful and thoughtful farmer to meet foreign competition more successfully.

There are several ways in which the attempt to help the farmers in the struggle in which they are engaged may be made. The simplest and most obvious is to introduce new classes, based not upon breed, or class, or age, but upon cost of production. At present, for example, prizes are offered for animals not exceeding one, two, or three years. Could not prizes be offered for animals fattened at a cost less than some specified sum? It would, no doubt, be difficult to do this. Book-keeping is so little general amongst farmers, and, therefore, the means of ascertaining the cost of production are so scanty, that at first there would probably be many obstacles to be overcome and much dissatisfaction to be encountered. But it is clear that the problem before our farmers is the raising of food at a cost that will permit of successful competition with the new countries of the world, and it is by contributing to the solution of this problem that the Smithfield Club can best help British agriculture. The experiments of the Club at present are as useful to the foreigner as to the home-farmer. All improvements in breed, for example, can be immediately secured by the American farmer just as by the English, and so also can experiments in fattening at very early ages. But experiments which would show how the rearing and fattening of cattle can be economically conducted at home would be directly useful to our own farmers. In saying this we do not mean to deny the utility of the experiments now made, particularly of the experiments tending to show that cattle may be fattened at very early ages. For the last two or three years, the attention of our foremost farmers has been largely directed to this latter point; and at this week's Show the success in producing a large quantity of meat in the case of very young animals is remarkable. But it is doubtful whether the English farmer really has a great advantage in this particular over the American farmer. The American can avail himself of food-stuffs as readily as we can, and the recent convention of cattle-men shows that the attention of the cattle-farmers of America is keenly directed to increasing their competition with Europe as ours is towards meeting it. If, then, the Smithfield Club is to be really helpful to our farmers, it should direct some of its attention to the question of producing meat at a minimum of cost. We have indicated above one way in which this might be done, and several others might be suggested; but the best way of carrying out the suggestion may be safely left to the consideration of the Club. All difficulties disappear before

those who are resolute to overcome them. A great step in advance will be made when the Council recognizes that its platform has become antiquated. It is time that all who are interested in agriculture should bethink them how they can contribute to its improvement. Losses are ruinous, farmers are throwing up their holdings, tenants are organizing to compel further reductions of rent, corn-growers are crying out for a protection that is hopeless. Everywhere there is depression and discouragement. Yet British agriculture is neither dying nor dangerously sick. But it must seek for recovery and renewed prosperity through methods better adapted to the altered conditions under which they compete.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.—II.

THE voluntary Societies have opened exhibitions since those of the dealers which we noticed a fortnight ago. There is no reason why we should regret that the pictures in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, or Piccadilly are not equal to those in the Haymarket or the French Gallery. It is a fact to be noted, and, whether it is owing to any preponderance of foreign work at the private exhibitions or to some other cause, we have no need to inquire. There are, however, among the 875 works at the Royal Institute and the 384 at the Royal Society fewer worthy of a serious notice than in any one of the three shop exhibitions already visited. The collection in the old Society's Gallery in Pall Mall East—the Society becomes octogenarian this winter—consists, as usual, of water-colours and drawings. This winter exhibition used to be confined literally to "sketches and studies." Now it is hardly to be distinguished from an ordinary summer exhibition. There are four studies, however, by Mr. Albert Moore (343, 364, 370, and 376), one by the Princess Louise (142), a large one by Mr. Frederic Shields (72), and a few more which are very slight. There are also two sketches by Mr. Carl Haag (147, 153) which from their high finish almost take rank as pictures. In some respects these are the most satisfactory works in the Gallery. The first is a very typical Arab head, entitled "Anwatt: a Servant at the Convent of Sinai"; and the second is "Zenib: an Abyssinian Girl." The usual spelling of the modern Arabic form of the name Zenobia is not Zenib, but Zeynab; nevertheless this, like the companion head, is a very complete and thoroughly worked-out portrait. We cannot say so much for "Kieff Yaos" (328), a sketch for a larger picture of a Turk with his slave, which is very inharmonious in colour and wanting in the artist's usual characteristics. Taking the catalogue in order, we pass to No. 54, "Whitehall," by Mr. Marshall, who, though he has caught the London atmosphere and general dinginess of that suburb in winter, has not been at the trouble of making a correct drawing of Inigo Jones's Banqueting House, which is in the foreground to the right. "Pin-Money" (89), by Mr. E. K. Johnson, shows a plump farmer's daughter in a large farmyard inspecting a litter of young pigs. There is too much paper to let, and the picture must be described, notwithstanding its very high finish and careful study of minor details, as absolutely uninteresting, if not unpleasant. Mr. Du Maurier sends a water-colour drawing, "A Last Look at Whithy" (231), which is chromolithographed in the Christmas Number of *Longman's Magazine*. The colour is crude, the composition and landscape are unsatisfactory, but the faces are pretty and pleasing. Unfortunately the coloured print has all the faults of the original, and, in addition, the faces are hideous. Mr. H. P. Riviere sends a series of views in the older parts of Rome. "The Arch of Constantine" (241), "The Temple of Vesta" (271), and the "Cloaca Maxima" (275) are all careful works, very like the places represented, but with no more tone or attempt at anything but fidelity than if they were coloured photographs. Sir John Gilbert sends two pictures, one of which only needs special notice. It represents the Prince and Princess of Wales passing St. James's Palace on their way to a Drawing-room (247). The great state-coach, the horses with their gilded trappings, the Life Guards in their cuirasses, and the old red buildings behind are well represented, and coloured in a manner to give an impression of very appropriate gorgeousness in spite of the foggy air. Mr. G. H. Andrews has painted some views in the Levant and Sicily, of which the best is "Ruins of the Temples at Selinuntum" (258), but there is a strong mannerism, which is more apparent in "Syracuse" (252). The sea, with a red ship and a red buoy in the foreground, is unendurably spotty. Mr. J. Parker gives us the portrait of a very pretty girl in "A Morning Gossip" (274). Mr. Charles Gregory is one of those artists from whom we are always expecting something great, yet who seldom condescends to fulfil our expectations. His "Breton Mill Stream" (285) contains so much detail of wheels, rocks, buildings, and background that the figures seem half-buried. It is just possible that such a theme might be successfully treated in an oil picture; but water-colour does not allow of the depth and tone which only could render so crowded a composition tolerable. Mr. Holman Hunt exhibits a small sea sketch, which the catalogue calls "Water-Colour Drawing of the Archipelago." The foreground shows a finely-moving mass of water, and in the background are two or three blue and shadowy islets. Mrs. Allingham is seen at her best in "Yew Tree Cottage" (329), and has apparently endeavoured to rival Mr. Johnson's "Pin-Money" in feeding pigs (327), an attempt in which she is eminently successful. "At Anchor" (332) is a curious *tour de force*, by Mr. Marks. A sailor in a dazzling white

jacket slumbers on board a yacht in harbour. Mr. Francis Powell's "Autumn Tints" (336) is very delicate, and but that we have seen the same view too often before we should be inclined to praise equally Miss Clara Montalba's "St. Giorgio and Salute" (338). Altogether this exhibition of the old Society is the poorest we can remember. Having endeavoured carefully to notice nothing for which we could not say at least a word of praise, we find that some of the most popular and best-known names in the catalogue have escaped us.

Although, as we have said, the number of oil paintings at the gallery of the Institute amounts to over eight hundred, the number deserving anything like an extended notice is extremely small; and some of those artists from whom we expected most have given us the greatest disappointments. The first picture to catch the eye is Mr. John Parker's "Study" (12), a very solidly-painted and handsome female face. A portrait of "The Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P." by Mr. Harold Rathbone (14), is completely skinned, but shows great care and knowledge with a want of colour. Mr. Keeley Halswell's "Pangbourne—Early Morning" (16) is in his usual manner, and so far pleasing, but we prefer "A Hampshire Landscape" (269), which hangs in the next room. Mr. George Clausen sends "A Woman of the Fields" (22), which is a hideous and unpleasant picture, but of undeniable power and realism. Mr. Herbert Dalziel wants apparently to imitate the style of Mr. Reid in his very green and very blue "Quiet Days" (35). We are tired of Mr. John Morgan's unreal children, but "Gee-Wo" (37) is as good as anything else he has painted. Mr. David Murray's "Mermaid Street, Rye" (42), is terribly hard. Mr. Blair Leighton has a not very pleasing picture of a Nubian "Waiting" his turn to enter an arena in which a lion is raging (52). He contemplates his fate with equanimity. The same artist's "Vanquished" (116) shows a knight who has been worsted in a tournament and is being led out of the lists. The subject is again unpleasant, but the painting is solid and careful. The foreground is in deep shadow, and in a sunny background the successful competitor receives a prize from the Queen of Beauty. Mr. Leighton sends also a costume-piece, entitled "Sea Dreams" (407). Mr. Pope's "British Museum" (62) is a neat and pleasant little study. Mr. Melton Fisher has painted a very careful "Salome" (84). It is needlessly dark, especially about the face, but may be described as being the best study of the nude in the Gallery. "An Old English Home," by Mr. Hargitt (90), represents a charming red-brick house of the kind people are now beginning to admire, and occupies the end of the first room. Near it is a very clever sketch, "Chestnut Leaves," by Mr. Beaumont (100). Mr. J. O'Connor's view of St. Paul's (133) is small, but has about it all the elements of a great work. Those who remember Mr. Walter Langley's water-colour picture "Missing" last year will be sadly disappointed in his "Cork-cutting" (138). A red-nosed fisherman sits among his nets, and the light and shade are admirably managed, but with this exception the design is but half carried out, and there is a great deal of empty canvas. "Gleam of Sunshine after Rain" (148), by Mr. Arthur Severn, is the most powerful picture we have seen by this accomplished artist. Passing by Mr. Hayes's "Scarboro" (154), Mr. Pollard's "Quiet Party," Mr. Burr's "Playmates" (167), and Mr. Lewis's "Old Hastings" (173), we come to Mr. Frederick Barnard's very diverting picture of an old gentleman in an eating-house, whom the waiter informs that "Ducklings and green peas is orf, sir!" (184). Mr. Bartlett's pleasant shore scene, in which a pretty girl is shovelling sand into a donkey-cart (189), shows that the artist is not at a standstill, and that we may expect before long better things than he has yet shown us. Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Loot" (194) is clever. Mr. G. A. Storey's "Charity" (216) is ruined by the vacant expression of the face. Mr. MacWhirter's "St. Kilda" (222) shows sad falling off from some of his earlier work. The whole surface of the picture is woolly, and the colour leaden, yet strangely inharmonious. Mr. Ernest Parton has reached a very high level of landscape-painting in "On the Wharfe" (232), but the water is very hard. There is a very solid portrait by Mr. Pettie (251); and water views by Mr. John Varley and Mr. Napier Hemy. In the central gallery Mr. Macbeth's "Flower Stall" (276) is bright. There is a pretty landscape by Mr. Bale (290). "No Unwelcome Guest" (314) is by Mr. Millet, and, with a "Cosey (sic) Corner" (784), in the third room, shows great knowledge and dexterity in the American artist, who has learnt, apparently, all that can be taught him in Paris. Mr. Corbett's "Villa Borghese" (325) shows great depth and power in painting foliage. We may pass by Mr. Parson's "Weeds" (327), Mr. Cottman's "At Close of Day" (328), Mr. Simpson's "Japanese Anemones" (331), and Mrs. May's "Interior" with a word of commendation, and come to "The Knight" (352), by Mr. J. D. Linton. It is no disparagement of this picture to say that it is more or less an imitation of Giorgione. It is described in the catalogue as a "companion to the picture 'Waiting.'" There are probably half a dozen pictures bearing this same name in the Gallery, and we are at a loss to know which of them is indicated. Mr. Topham's "Albury Heath" (385) should not be passed by, nor Mr. Green's "Waiting" (386), a costume piece, which hangs close by. Mr. Fulleylove's "Versailles under the Grand Monarque" (411) is a fine garden scene in his accustomed manner, but somewhat marred by the spotty colouring of the figures.

We must reserve further notice of this Gallery till next week.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE most interesting number in last Saturday's programme was an excerpt from Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*. This "Symphonie Dramatique," as the composer calls it, is one of the best and most original, as it is also one of the least known, of the master's greater works. It dates from 1839, when Berlioz, not long the husband of Henrietta Smithson, and already the musician of the *Fantastique*, the *Harold*, the *Messe des Morts*, and *Benvenuto Cellini*, was in the prime of life and happiness and at the strongest and freshest of his genius; and, with some of his most daring and delightful achievements in orchestration, it includes, in the famous "Scène d'Amour," a symphonic utterance which, as he says of it, "les trois quarts des musiciens de l'Europe qui le connaissent mettent maintenant au dessus de tout ce que j'ai écrit," and which he himself preferred to all his other numbers. Its inspiration, personal as it is, is eminently Shakspearian, and there are many to whom it is the truest and most brilliant illustration of Shakspeare in music, not excepting Mendelssohn's delicious descent on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In London it is not often played, and it has only once or twice that we know of been heard in its entirety. In 1852 an excerpt—four numbers—was produced under the composer's own baton at the First and Third of the new Philharmonic Concerts; and in 1881 it was twice given in its entirety by the same Society. It is written for a strong band of sixty-six, four harps "at least," full brass and percussion, a large chorus, a small chorus of thirteen, and three soloists; and, as Berlioz confesses, "elle présente des difficultés immenses d'exécution, difficultés de toute espèce, inhérentes à la forme et au style," only to be overcome by long and patient study on the part of artists of the highest order, resolved to master it "à peu près comme si on devait l'exécuter par cœur." For this reason, he adds, it will never be heard in London, where "les musiciens n'ont pas le temps de faire de la musique"; and, although he retracts this statement in what is practically his next sentence, it is to be feared that to some extent the reflection is still valid, and has still a certain amount of point and weight.

In form the *Roméo et Juliette* is distinctly novel and original. All his life long Berlioz was making experiments in symphony, and attempting new departures in the direction indicated by Beethoven in the last and greatest of his works—the direction, that is, of vocal and orchestral combination. In the *Lélio* he produced a spoken monologue, backed by an orchestra, a chorus, and a certain number of single voices; and in the *Damnation de Faust*, his last essay in the *genre*, written seventeen or twenty years after, he made use of a background partly choral and partly symphonic, to give value and relief to the attributes of three principal voices, expressing the qualities and emotions of as many different characters in a representation of events which is half narrative and half drama. Midway between is the *Roméo et Juliette*. Here the idea is mainly symphonic, and the chief burden of expression is laid upon the orchestra. It opens with an instrumental introduction, which presents us with a picture of life in Verona, a brawl between the Montagues and Capulets, the intervention of the Prince, and the dispersal of the penitent citizens. Then comes a prologue, forecasting the whole work, and setting forth—by means of a single contralto, a tenor solo, and a chorus of thirteen, with an orchestral commentary—the state of matters in Verona, the greatness of Shakspeare, the humours of Queen Mab, the splendours of Italian moonlight and first love, and the passion of Juliet and her Romeo. In the next movement, which begins with "Roméo seul" and ends with the "Fête chez Capulet," the expression is altogether symphonic; but, in the next, the "Scène d'Amour," a delicious effect is produced by the introduction of the smaller chorus, as Capulet's guests returning from the dance; they are heard in snatches of the festival music, their voices die away in the distance; Romeo is left alone under the stars, among the blossoms, in Capulet's orchard; and the love scene, which is purely symphonic, flows gloriously on to the end. The "Scherzo de la Reine Mab" is all orchestral; but in the following movement Juliet is borne to the tomb by the greater chorus, to a tremendous orchestral accompaniment. Then comes the scene in the tomb (Garrick's version), which is symphony pure and simple; and in the last number the orchestra is used in dramatic combination with the full chorus, while the voice of Friar Laurence, heard for the first time, is uplifted in control of all. That the form—a development of the innovation embodied in *Lélio* and an approximation to the means adopted in the *Damnation*—is experimental and tentative is evident enough. What remains to add is that it is so well handled as to be entirely sufficient. It would be difficult, perhaps, to justify the title of "Symphonie Dramatique" which Berlioz has invented and applied to it; but that it is a notable essay in choral symphony, and that it is a legitimate extension of the principle exemplified by Beethoven, is unquestionable.

The numbers played on Saturday were the second, third, and fourth—"Roméo seul" and the "Fête chez Capulet"; the "Scène d'Amour" (which may be studied with profit in connexion with certain parts of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*); and the "Scherzo de la Reine Mab." The last produced the greatest effect, and was, on the whole, the most satisfactory. In the first two Mr. Manns appeared to be scarcely at home, and not altogether at his ease; his renderings were correct and scholarly enough, but in passion and fire, in style and colour and *mæstria*, he was—especially in the second—somewhat wanting. His performance of the Scherzo is open, perhaps, to similar objections. But the Scherzo is in itself so charming and so new that not to please it must be very

badly played indeed; and that, with Mr. Manns to the front, we need scarcely say it was not. It is written in 3-8 time; it is scored for flutes, oboes, celli (in two parts), altos, and first and second violins (in four parts); all the strings are muted (Berlioz quotes it as an example of what can be done with muted strings in his *Traité d'Instrumentation*); and it is taken pianissimo and prestissimo. In the trio the tempo changes to allegro, the rhythm to 3-4; the tonality is enriched with the grave, sweet sounds of the *cor anglais*, and touched with airy brilliance by the harp; the principal effect is one of sustained and exquisite tremolo. In the final section, the original rhythm and tempo appear once more—this time on the celli; but the horn comes in delightfully as well, and presently the harps, the *cor anglais*, and the clarinet are heard in combination with a set of fairy cymbals. The effect is unique in music; it is all that Mercutio says expressed with incomparable means, in a form at once so delicate and appropriate, so full of fantasy and so quick with colour and charm, as fairly to defy analysis. Mr. Manns's pianissimo was not so perfectly graded as it might have been, and his results were often a trifle coarser than was desirable; but he knew what he was about, he did his best, and was applauded as he deserved.

The overtures were that to *Der Freischütz* and that to *Tannhäuser*; the latter, which is very ambitious and loud, appears to suffer by contrast with the former, which is only good music. The vocalist was Mme. Patey, who sang in her best style the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and a song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The soloist was Herr Robert Heckmann, who was heard to advantage in a musically "Concerto for Violin and Orchestra" (No. 1, in G), by Herr Max Bruch; to more advantage still in Handel's delightful "Sonata in A"; and to most of all in a "Revéry" by Vieuxtemps. He is an accomplished player, and his tone is often good and moving.

REVIEWS.

TENNYSON'S "BECKET."

FORTUNATELY we are absolved from any necessity to consider the Laureate's new play as a practicable one. In his dedication of it to "the honoured Chancellor of our own day," Lord Tennyson states that "it is not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre," and we gladly waive the question whether the stage arrangements of our ancestors would have sufficed to make its representation feasible or successful. As a "dramatic memorial," which has already received the approbation of Lord Selborne, it is presented to the public, and as such we are only too content to regard it.

Nor would we wish to be too particular to its historical accuracy as a memorial. It follows closely enough the story of Becket, as told by Mr. Froude, with regard to the incidents selected from the Archbishop's career, using in many instances the actual words of existing records, and it represents with great force and consistency the courage and obstinacy of the prelate who convulsed Europe and suffered martyrdom in upholding the supremacy of the Church over peoples and potentates in matters civil as well as religious. A perfect picture of the man it cannot claim to be. In order to simplify the character and to concentrate the attention on its heroic qualities, his tyrannies and cruelties, his robberies and extravagances as Chancellor, are scarcely so much as hinted at, his personal indulgences are lightly passed over, and his "one virtue" of chastity duly emphasized. His love of eating and drinking is treated as a genial foible, and his treachery in accepting the archbishopric from Henry for the sake of using its power against the King's dearest projects is consecrated by a vision from God; but, as such poetical licenses have been the occasion of some of the best passages in the "dramatic memorial," we are inclined to be grateful rather than critical on their account.

In the opening scene, which, though a necessary part of the drama, is called the Prologue, the King and Becket (now his Chancellor only) are discovered playing a game at chess, and the future is somewhat obviously foreshadowed by the conquest of Becket, who mates the King with his Bishop. Although he has been so engrossed with his thoughts as to take no interest in the game, Henry somewhat inconsistently and unroyally loses his temper at being beaten, and kicks over the board, with the effect of breaking the king's crown. He then reveals the cause of his inattention, his anxiety to provide a protector for Rosamund, and a successor as Archbishop of Canterbury for the dying Theobald. These somewhat incompatible offices he proposes to bestow upon Becket. He shows him the plan of the maze which he has caused to be constructed, and banters him on his disinclination to be a party to his amour.

HENRY.

Come, come, I love thee and I know thee, I know thee,
A doter on white pheasant-flesh at feasts,
A sauce-deviser for thy days of fish,
A dish-designer, and most amorous
Of good old red sound liberal Gascon wine;
Will not the body rebel, man, if thou flatter it?

BECKET.

That palate is insane which cannot tell
A good dish from a bad, new wine from old.

HENRY.

Well, who loves wine loves woman.

BECKET.

So I do.
Men are God's trees, and women are God's flowers;
And when the Gascon wine mounts to my head,
The trees are all the statelier, and the flowers
Are all the fairer.

Becket at last swears to "see to" Rosamund in England, but the dispute as to whether he is fit for the archbishopric is not concluded before Queen Eleanor comes in singing a pretty song; and though subsequently in the same scene the death of Theobald is announced, the question is left unsettled. In the First Act, however, Becket is already Archbishop, feeling the burthen of his position as both Chancellor and Primate. It is here that he tells the dream which has pacified his conscience:—

BECKET.

Am I the man? That rang
Within my head last night, and when I slept
Methought I stood in Canterbury Minster,
And spake to the Lord God, and said "O Lord,
I have been a lover of wines and delicate meats,
And secular splendours, and a favourer
Of players, and a courier, and a feeder
Of dogs and hawks, and apes and lions and lynxes,
Am I the man?" And the Lord answer'd me
"Thou art the man, and all the more the man."
And then I asked again, "O Lord my God,
Henry the King hath been my friend, my brother,
And mine uplifter in the world, and chosen me
For this thy great archbishoprick, believing
That I should go against the Church with him,
And I shall go against him with the Church,
And I have said no word of this to him:
Am I the man?" And the Lord answered me,
"Thou art the man, and all the more the man."
And thereupon, methought, He drew toward me,
And smote me down upon the minster floor.

This is one of the finest passages in the play, which, like *Harold* and *Queen Mary*, can boast of a few, and only a few, such. As a rule, the dialogue throughout is very unequal, occasionally bursting out into a few fine lines, which are in contrast to the mechanical and laboured style of the rest. The play abounds with poor half-jests and bandying of words, which, however they may be justified by Shakespeare's example or the Provengal customs of Queen Eleanor, are not the less childish and tiresome, and the attempts at humour are, as usual, attended with little success. The introduction of Walter Map is wholly useless and uninteresting; and Margery, a country maid who serves fair Rosamund in her bower, talks a jargon which awakens remembrances of both Dame Quickly and Mrs. Gamp. More successful is the scene in which the knights who have come to murder Becket are repulsed by the beggars, whom (after the example of his Lord) Becket has called in from the highways and hedges to consume a feast prepared for nobler guests. The service they render is thus summed up by the Third Beggar:—

Crutches, and itches, and leprosies, and ulcers, and gangrenes, and running sores, praise ye the Lord, for to-night ye have saved the Archbishop.

This is a little amusing; but it is also a little farcical, and not a little nasty.

As might be expected, the scenes between Henry and Rosamund are the occasion of many tender passages and musical lines; but during their interviews Henry is so disturbed with thoughts of Becket's treachery and his own unworthiness that he gives but a feeble response to his mistress's endearments. The love-making is therefore somewhat one-sided; but it is pretty, as the following extract will show:—

ROSAMUND.

O, my life's life, not to smile
Is all but death to me. My sun, no cloud!
Let there not be one frown in this one hour!
Out of the many thine, let this be mine!
Look rather thou all royal, as when first
I met thee.

HENRY.

Where was that?

ROSAMUND.

Forgetting that

Forgets me too.

HENRY.

Nay, I remember it well.

There on the moors.

ROSAMUND.

And in a narrow path
A plover flew before thee. Then I saw
Thy high black steed among the flaming furze,
Like sudden night in the main glare of day.
And from that height something was said to me,
I knew not what.

HENRY.

I ask'd the way.

ROSAMUND.

I think so.

So I lost mine.

It is with regard to Rosamund that the Laureate has chosen

most to depart from received tradition. She is represented as pious and completely pure, believing herself the real wife of Henry. This is conceivable, perhaps, and certainly shows the poet a way to treat the amour in a manner refreshingly different from that in which such connexions are wont to be handled nowadays. It is, however, more difficult to believe that she was ignorant of the existence of another wife, and convinced of the perfect fidelity of her Royal lover. Nor do we see any sufficient justification for a departure from the time-honoured legend as to her death. The logic of facts has destroyed too many of the dreams of our youth to make us tolerate such destruction for the sake of a poet's fancy or the exigencies of a playwright's plot. In such respects, at least, we may expect the artist to be conservative. The intervention of Becket between Queen Eleanor and her victim deprives us of far more imaginative enjoyment than the thought of Rosamund's rescue and retirement to a nunnery; and her appearance to weep over Becket's dead body is a touch of commonplace sentiment, which mars the effect of an otherwise noble close.

Indeed, the introduction of Rosamund as a very important character is a mistake, whether the work be regarded as a drama or a poem. The incongruity between the functions of a champion of Holy Church and the guardian of the King's mistress is apparent from the first scene to the last. The two threads of her romantic history and his gradually culminating fate lie apart, notwithstanding all the Laureate's somewhat feeble attempts to interweave them. Rosamund's maze does not isolate her more from the world than her featureless character from Becket, and, we may add, the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. She has not even a servant who cares for her, and her boy is of little account. She is such a doll to Queen Eleanor that it is impossible to believe that fear of her power can be the motive of the intended murder. Jealousy on the part of the Queen is repudiated, so that the bowl and the dagger are practically left without excuse, and even Henry's passion for her is not evident.

As in all Lord Tennyson's plays, this, the latest, seems the result of a task deliberately set rather than a spontaneous effort of his genius. No pains have been spared to master the subject, a vivid conception has been formed of a strong historical character, certain situations have impressed themselves upon his imagination, and now and again words which might well have been spoken by one or other of the living actors in these stirring scenes have formed themselves into fine fresh phrase and musical line; but the inspiration has been disjointed and capricious, and much has remained to be filled up with work which, though honest and careful and skilled, is comparatively cold and ineffective. There are, in fact, few traces of that innate dramatic faculty which naturally thinks in action, but it must be allowed that these traces are most frequent when most needed, and that the aptness as well as the grandeur of the dialogue rises always with the occasion. Of all the scenes in *Becket* the last is the finest. He dies grandly—never so great as in extremity. In the confusion in the cathedral he answers to the coward monks, who bid him come within the chancel:—

How can I come
When you so block the entry? Back I say!
Go on with the office. Shall not Heaven be served
Tho' earth's last earthquake clash'd the minster-bells,
And the great deeps were broken up again,
And hissed against the sun?

And this is what he says to one of the knights who calls on him to flee:—

I am readier to be slain than thou to slay.
Hugh, I know well thou hast but half a heart
To bathe this sacred pavement with my blood.
God pardon thee and those, but God's full curse
Shatter you all to pieces if ye harm
One of my flock.

On the whole, though *Becket* fails of the aim which its author would reach, it is a work which will sustain his fame as a writer of pure and nervous English, as a fine thinker, with a grand perception of what is noblest in human character. If neither Henry nor his Queen can compare with Becket as complete conceptions, they deserve more attention and praise than we can give them in so short a notice. Nevertheless the play will not advance Lord Tennyson's claim to rank among the great tragedians in England. Besides the defects already pointed out, it has a lack of homogeneity in style. Its language is neither pure Tennyson nor pure Shakespeare, but a blend by no means perfect of the two. After all is read, the memory reverts to the lyrics for pleasure unalloyed, and one feels inclined to ask why a man should strive to write a play like *Becket* who can sing such songs as this:—

DUET.

1. Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
2. No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
1. Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand—
One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
2. Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.
1. Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled?
2. Nay; let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
1. Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be.
2. Nay; let him make it his own; let him reign in it—he, it is he,
Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.*

IT will be remembered that when that sojourn at Yarmouth which had such an influence on David Copperfield's career was proposed to him, he had the forethought to ask, "Is your brother an agreeable man?" and that Peggotty was able to answer with truth, "Oh, what an agreeable man he is!" When the reader of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's book puts it down he has a dim suspicion that some one must have said to the author, "Was your father a disagreeable man?" and that the book is equivalent to an exclamation in two volumes, "Oh, what a disagreeable man he was!" And in saying this we by no means refer to the matter of *Our Old Home* and its coarse and foolish insults to English ladies. Mr. Julian Hawthorne thinks the "resentment" which these insults have excited in England "ludicrous," and his aunt, Miss Hawthorne, whom he quotes, is said to have observed comfortably that "she always thought John Bull was as sensitive as other people if you found the right place." It certainly must be granted to Miss Hawthorne that Englishmen are considerably more likely to pay attention to insults offered to their womenkind than to insults offered to themselves. But Mr. Hawthorne, who publishes some unpublished words showing his father's delicate humour on this subject even more characteristically than before, perhaps makes a little mistake in talking of resentment. We can describe the state of the case very accurately to him, and he will find that the statement is not disputed by any judge competent to pronounce. When you have received into your house a man who is not a gentleman, and when he subsequently makes the fact clear, you are vexed—that you have received into your house a man who is not a gentleman. *Voilà tout.*

English ladies, however, were by no means the only persons who were the victims of Nathaniel Hawthorne's curious spleen, and his son has very impartially and completely demonstrated the fact. The general temper of the gifted author of the *Scarlet Letter* and the *Marble Faun* appears to have been exactly that described once for all by Sterne in the character of Smelfungus. The continent of Europe had less of this humour expended on it than England only because Hawthorne lived there for a shorter time; and it appears that America also had plenty, though the overweening vanity of the man made him "crack up" his country simply because it was his. He seems, to judge from the extracts from his letters and writings here given, to have grumbled at everything and everybody. He "never knew anything so atrocious" as the climate of Paris; and the old quarters, beloved of most men of education and brains, were "simply ugly and dirty." The American Minister in Paris was "a heavy old judge," and there was no reason "why Uncle Sam should pay him seventeen thousand dollars a year [Hawthorne was very sore about the cutting down of his own dollars at Liverpool] for sleeping in the dignified post of ambassador to France." Old Rome was like "a dead and mostly decayed corpse, with no life but of the worms that creep in and out." In Italian pictures there was a "terrible lack of variety." The account he gives of Margaret Fuller's marriage and its motives may be deliberately pronounced to be probably the most brutal thing ever written by such a man of such a woman in such circumstances. None of these things or persons, be it noticed, is English; and we do not think it necessary to quote any of the numerous instances in which Mr. Hawthorne has added to the already considerable list of his father's *épanchements de bête* of the Anglophobic class. He, however, not his father, must bear the blame of printing remarks calculated to give the keenest pain to two English men of letters, both of whom are living, both of whom are far advanced in years, and both of whom seem to have done everything they possibly could to be polite to this amiable stranger. One of these, as to whom the *Saturday Review* certainly has to reproach itself with no lack of fair criticism, invited Hawthorne to his house, entertained him apparently to the best of his power, and, as Hawthorne himself states, with "very great kindness." He is now, thanks to Mr. Julian Hawthorne's decidedly Hamitic notions of filial piety, allowed to know that his guest described him in black and white, and with copious detail of jeers and sneers, as an "ass of asses" and a "fool." This atrabilious temper of Hawthorne's receives all due exposition from his son, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne is not less careful to exhibit the curious vanity which also distinguished his parent. A remark of Miss Hawthorne's, "Your father told me that he believed there were not many of the English nobility better born than ourselves," is, all things considered, a sufficiently amusing trait. But there is perhaps a better here. Where Hawthorne seems to have been most at home was in the smoking-room of a boarding-house at Liverpool, frequented chiefly by American merchant captains. Here, as Consul and as a reputed man of letters, he naturally enjoyed the position of cock of the walk, and, with a gratitude which does him honour, he speaks very highly of his little senate. "Indisputably," he says, "these men are alive, and to an extent to which an Englishman never seems conscious of life. It would do John Bull good to come and sit at our table and adjourn with us to our smoking-room; but he would be apt to go away a little crestfallen." We are nothing if not charitable, and we are disposed to put this down as a very dry specimen of American humour. If it is not very dry, it is certainly very rich; which may seem a paradox, but is not.

It is pleasant to turn from the revelations of his father which

* *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife.* By Julian Hawthorne. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

Mr. Hawthorne gives to those which concern his mother. Some of the letters between husband and wife here given are of a character which a delicate taste would have kept private, not that there is anything in them which is not, in the highest degree, honourable to both parties, but simply because of what is called in the antiquated English tongue the sacredness of such utterances. But Mr. Julian Hawthorne's taste is, as will have been sufficiently shown already, robustly modern and not of the distressingly delicate quality which shrinks from putting into print such phrases as "ownest belovedest," and the like. Putting this aside, there are only two faults to be found with Mrs. Hawthorne. One, the most virtuous and excusable of all faults, is that she had an altogether exaggerated estimate of her husband; and the other that, especially in her youth, she seems to have had a slight touch of affectation and preciousness. But this quite wears off in the later letters, which are not less full of good sense and wide intellectual appreciation than of affectionate womanliness. Not only does egotism & *plusieurs* sit more gracefully on a woman than on a man (indeed, a woman is good for nothing without it, and a man is good for little with it), but Mrs. Hawthorne's enthusiastic devotion to things Hawthornish and things American was unalloyed by even a trace of the sourness towards things not American and not Hawthornish which seems to have kept her husband in a state of perpetual mental heartburn. For nearly all this part of the book Mr. Julian Hawthorne deserves his readers' best thanks; and, as he has on the whole added but little to what was already known of his father's life and disposition, one cannot help thinking that, if he had confined himself to dealing with his mother, who has hitherto been somewhat neglected by Hawthorne's biographers, but who obviously was (save for her adoring estimate of him) the healthiest influence in his life, he would have done better.

We have reviewed this book in a desultory fashion because it is a very desultory book. It is not a regular Life of Hawthorne, for it passes rapidly over many passages of that life; it is rather a supplement to existing Lives and to the biographical portions of Hawthorne's own works. The composition of such supplements, by the way, appears to have increased, to be increasing, and to be in very great need of diminution instead of increase. Still, Mr. Julian Hawthorne calls it a biography, and apparently intends it as such. On this showing of his it is a less good book than it is intrinsically. For it is not only incomplete, as has been said, but confused. Owing to the omission of a simple but invaluable precaution, which all biographies should have—that of a running page-heading of dates—and to a great scarcity of chronology in the text itself, the reader is often in doubt of the precise period at which the events of which he is reading happened. Their sequence is also in other ways obscured and involved. As a whole, the book gives a much less clear and, we should imagine, a less accurate impression of Hawthorne's life than Mr. Henry James's sketch, itself by no means a masterpiece. Moreover (and, as we shall not be suspected of any great tenderness for Hawthorne, we may with all the more propriety add this), we believe it gives a more unfavourable impression of him than is just. Either by an unfortunate accident, or from a predilection for that side of his father's character, Mr. Julian Hawthorne has shown us much more of the atrabilious pessimist-egotist than of the man who succeeded in gaining and keeping the affections of such a woman as his wife and the friendship of such a man as the late Mr. H. A. Bright. He tells us, indeed, on several occasions how his father played with him when he was a boy; but that is not decisive.

On the other hand, there are incidental sketches of interest and value in the book. The Hawthorne family atmosphere, and the influences of it which contributed to make Hawthorne himself what he was, have never been so fully depicted before. His mother, somewhat affectingly called "Madame" (not Madam) Hawthorne, was during her long widowhood wholly a recluse and half a mystery; of his eldest sister, Elizabeth, as she seems to be still alive, it is sufficient to say that she appears to have possessed a very large share of most of her brother's qualities. For many years, as is well known, Hawthorne lived semi-monastic life in Salem with these strange housemates (it would be impossible to call them companions), and with only the humanizing influence of another sister, Louisa, who died comparatively young by a sudden and tragical death.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's remarks on the strictly literary character of his father are not very numerous or elaborate, and not at all extravagant, save perhaps in relation to the later and unfinished works, of which he seems to have a rather disproportionate estimate. The truth is that there can be little controversy about this part of the subject if only from the fact that Hawthorne is a species alone, and that the essence of all critical controversy—comparison—is wanting in regard to him. His characteristics, moreover, are few, and his range not wide. Criticism, therefore, except in relation to his mere style, the merit of which is unquestioned and unquestionable, resolves itself almost entirely into a mere declaration of personal feelings. A man likes Hawthorne very much or he does not like him at all, and there's an end of it. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, as is pretty generally known, has inherited some at least of his father's faculty of writing, and this book, though with occasional touches of American euphemism, is creditably written. Nor is it superfluous to remark that it is illustrated in the very best way in which such a book can be illustrated—that is to say, with a goodly number of excellent portraits, which are engraved as all portraits for use in books ought to be, and not

merely photographed. The very considerable amount of Hawthorne's own writing that it contains in the way of hitherto unpublished letters, &c., ought not to be omitted as increasing its literary value.

AMERICAN STORIES.*

THE partnership of Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. H. C. Bunner is a successful one. The stories brought before the public in this little volume are slight in construction, but are wanting neither in interest nor power. The talent, indeed, shown in them is such as to justify the hope that something yet fuller and more mature may come from the same pens. The most striking story in the book—"Venetian Glass"—is one of which Mr. Brander Matthews only is the author. Two friends, John Manning and Laurence Langton, of New York, find themselves in Venice a short time before the outbreak of the American Civil War. The former of the two proves to be a descendant of the Manin family of Venice, one of whom emigrated to Holland, and one of whose descendants went thence to New York. The Venetian was one of twin brothers living in the sixteenth century, who both fell in love with the same woman, whose likeness is preserved in one of the Venetian churches. The twins are not estranged from one another, as might be expected, about the woman, but agree in quarrelling with others for her sake. They have both ordered one of the fabled Venetian glasses which are said to break when poison is poured into them. Only one of these glasses, through a mistake of the maker, is sent home; and one of the twins, on ordering the goblet to be filled with wine, sees it fall to pieces before him. He kills the servant who has attempted to poison him, and, going out into the street, attacks also the rival who has instigated the crime. While fighting he is himself killed by a stab in the back. The other twin stays in Venice long enough to avenge his murdered brother, and then takes refuge in Holland. After the lapse of several centuries his descendant, John Manning, discovers in Venice the duplicate of the very same glass which had been broken by the poison. The outbreak of the Civil War recalls him to his country, where he fights on the Northern side, and is wounded. His friend, who had also fought on the same side, and into whose hands the glass had been entrusted, receives a summons to see him. He finds the wounded man oppressed with the sense of impending death, and hears, with astonishment, that he is married. The wife, who comes in, proves to be a living likeness of the portrait in Venice; and, on her pouring the medicine into the goblet which Laurence Langton has brought with him, it breaks, like its duplicate three hundred years before, into pieces before them all. The wife falls insane at the feet of the friends, about whose own fate we are left to form our conjectures.

Another story, "The Documents of the Case," which is the joint work of Mr. Matthews and Mr. Bunner, is the tale of a young Englishman of good family who unexpectedly finds a cousin, and afterwards a wife, in a girl travelling in the Western States of America with a perambulating show. The "documents" refer mostly to his uncle, who runs through his money in England, then emigrates, and, after a roving life in the West, is at last killed by Indians, leaving an infant daughter, who is carried away by them, and finally passes into the hands of the players, who befriend her. With the help of the documents in question, which consist of I.O.U.'s, solicitors' letters, newspaper extracts, lovers' letters, playbills, paternal remonstrances, and the like, the reader is able, as he goes along, to piece together the story without any difficulty. "The Rival Ghosts," by Mr. Brander Matthews, is an ingenious *jeu d'esprit*. The idea of it is that a man occupying a haunted house at Salem, in Massachusetts, inherits a Scotch title with which also a ghost is associated. He becomes thus attended by two ghosts, the one attached to his person, the other to his dwelling. All the manifestations which take place in spiritualistic drawing-rooms now take place with doubled energy in the unfortunate man's house. It was clear that the two ghosts did not agree. And the problem arose, What was to be done with them? To complicate the matter still further, the fiancée of the man in question has set her heart on spending the honeymoon in the house at Salem, and equally on not spending it there so long as ghosts continue to haunt it. The lover, being thus put in a dilemma, goes down to Salem and uses all his eloquence in order to make the ghosts understand the affair, and act as respectable ghosts should. He first provides them with weapons, with which to settle the problem between themselves, when it turns out that the Scotch ghost, who is a gentleman, cannot fight the American ghost, who is a lady. Whereupon marriage is suggested as a way of solving the difficulty. The female ghost has no conjugal ties, having been murdered by her earthly husband; and the disparity of a couple of centuries in the ages of the two is got over after some negotiation. They are married, and the haunted man is likewise wedded in peace. Other tales in the book are decidedly interesting and readable.

The Man from Texas is certainly the most spirituous story

* In Partnership: *Studies in Story-telling*. By Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

The Man from Texas. By Henry Oldham. Philadelphia: Peterson & Sons.

on record. The amount of drinking that goes on in it is something awful. And, as if all the liquor on earth would not suffice, one of the heroes must needs say to his affianced love:—"Julia, do you know that sometimes, when I hear you sing, it makes me feel as if liquid poetry were flowing through my veins till it pervaded my whole being and inundated me with sensations of ecstasy, enabling me to conceive how, compatible with their essential holiness, angels in Heaven might indulge in intoxication." This conception of a sinless but tipsy seraph is probably not to be matched in imaginative literature. "Such a tribute," the author goes on to say, "from such a lover could not but be grateful to the elevated sensibility of Julia; and, while it flattered her, it made her feel proud of the man in whose mind such noble thoughts could originate." Inspired by the high ideal which stands before their mental vision, they go on to embrace one another fervently. The same gentleman (not the man from Texas himself, but a more interesting person) declares elsewhere that "when the war"—the Civil War of 1861-65—"broke out, there was a set in the South who, having ample leisure and means, were beginning to form the nucleus of a school of profound knowledge on American soil." Mr. Clayton, the person whose flights of imagination have been above referred to, had "mastered Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, together with the rudiments of Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic," when political troubles diverted him from these studies to warfare and whisky, and prevented that great school of learning, of whose existence we had hitherto been ignorant, from growing up in the Southern States. But to return to the liquor question. The scene of the novel, it may be premised, is laid on the frontiers of those States once considered Western in America, and which practically formed the western limit of military action during the war. In one of the guerrilla raids of which these operations were chiefly made up, Clayton, with a handful of followers, captures a river steamer, which, though "Yankee," happens to contain his lady-love and various other Secessionists. He begins his triumph with the mild order for himself and his friends of "half a dozen of iced champagne." The "refined and elegant ladies, led away by the magnetism of their gallant's successes, gave themselves up heart and soul to the enjoyment of the moment." One of the victors tries to keep to himself the affections of his fiancée, which Nelson, the "Man from Texas," does his best to win away from him; but whisky and the "magnetism" of "Miss Lizzie's" eyes are too much for him. But while the two "gave themselves up to the innocent and holy pleasures of the simple chat of first love," the defeated lover "winked at Clayton," and "quickly came to the conclusion that he would enjoy himself more at the bar than in their company." He had lost, the writer tells us, "his universal omnipotence over the ladies"—whatever this strange and perilous power may signify—and, inwardly conscious of the fact, gave up his love to a rival, and went off to take a drink. "The glory had departed from Israel; he was no longer their first choice," and he had to content himself with the post of "second fiddler." Meantime, while he was at the bar, the lady herself was "growing intoxicated; not by the wine that she had drunk, though this lent its assistance, but by the proudest, perhaps, of all feelings of a woman," &c. &c. After this the amount of drink consumed gets greater than ever. Everybody "liquors up" all day and night long; at morn, at noon, at eve, and in the watches of the dark. The wonder is that anybody is ever sober. The writer tells us, in finishing the account of the boat's capture, that the victors carried off with them "a five-gallon demijohn of the best whisky and two boxes of cigars, thus blending in this strange scene the ridiculous with the sublime." It seems that, in the writer's mind, the whisky is sublime, and the cigars, comparatively speaking, ridiculous.

Nevertheless, there is some good stuff in the book, and the pictures of Border warfare are well done. The writer is a violent partisan of the South, and the book recalls to the reader's mind political passions which ought to be now dead and buried, and which certainly do not any longer survive among the wiser Southerners. A hideous instance given by the writer of an abuse of power by an overseer (who is made, to enhance his infamy, to desert from the Southern to the Northern side) is only one of the thousands of cases which must occur, and always do occur, whenever human beings are entrusted with irresponsible power over others. The story has little construction in it, and is mainly a string of pictures. The "Man from Texas," who plays a very subordinate part in the story, kills, in a justifiable way, the brother of the girl with whom he afterwards falls in love, and who he finally marries. He knew nothing about the man at the time, and the sudden dispute in which the brother was killed was such as might have arisen at any time in a Western bar-room under the circumstances in which the story is supposed to take place. After this he joins a band of guerrillas—half gentlemen, half ruffians—who carry on the war in outlying regions against gangs like themselves. Most of the characters in the story, after drinking a great deal more than is good for them, come to an evil end; but the Man from Texas, after many adventures, marries the woman of his heart. The improvement of Texas since then has been doubtless great; but its reformation has not been complete. Some three years ago a party containing a newly-married English couple was travelling there in a coach, when a band of young men from Texas approached. All of the party had to descend, and, while one of the robbers pointed his revolver at them, were made to hold their arms up in the air. (This, we need not inform the reader, is the Western rule.) The coach was robbed; all the

money in the mail-bags confiscated; but, an appeal being made on behalf of certain objects which had a sentimental value to the possessors, they were most gallantly restored by the masked villains.

ROBY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE DIGEST.*

GRADUALLY but surely the reproach of apathy in the study of Roman law, which until of late years lay heavily upon the English Universities, is being removed. Mr. Roby's work is not only worthy to take its place beside those of Mr. Poste and Mr. Moyle, but has strong individuality of its own. Much as it owes, and frankly owes, to the splendid civilian learning of the German school, there are points in it, we venture to think, from which the Germans themselves may learn something. If we are to sum up in one word the peculiar features of Mr. Roby's handling of his matter, we should say that he deals with the Digest as a scholar more than a lawyer. Not that he is otherwise than a thoroughly competent worker in Roman law, both in its dogmatic and its historical aspect. But it is the interest of scholarship that seems to come first, and to lie most near to him. The writings of Roman lawyers preserved in the *Corpus Juris* are at the same time the authorities and evidences of one of the two great systems of law under one or the other of which, broadly speaking, the whole civilized world at this day lives, and a unique monument of Latin thought and language at a time when classical Latin literature was dying, and the Latin of mediæval Christendom was not yet born. It is from this last point of view that Mr. Roby seems chiefly to regard the Digest, as indeed might be expected from the work he is already known by. The most original part of his book, and that which will be most valuable to mature scholars, is that in which he discusses and illustrates the language, grammar, and idioms of the classical jurists.

As regards the general use of English students, Mr. Roby gives us by far the best account of the composition and character of the Digest, of the system employed in its compilation, and of the men from whose writings it was compiled, that is to be found anywhere in a continuous form in our language. If the learner has to complain of anything, it is of over-abundance. To have a working knowledge of the Digest it is not necessary to know all there is to be known of Servius Sulpicius or of Florentinus. On the other hand, Mr. Roby's biographies, with their details and anecdotes showing how the life and work of Roman lawyers was interwoven with the general politics and society of Rome, do add a certain humanity to the study which is sadly wanting in the current manuals—even in the good German ones—and for which the classical scholar will be specially grateful. For English readers one bit of posthumous biography (if the expression may be pardoned) might have been added concerning Marcellus. A jurist of no small weight in the golden age of Roman law, he has had the singular fortune of settling a rule of English law seventeen centuries later. In the case of *Acton v. Blundell*, decided about forty years ago by the Exchequer Chamber, that Court, in the admitted absence of distinct English authority, not only used but openly adopted an opinion of Marcellus as containing the true principle of legal reason on the relations of adjacent landowners in respect of underground waters not flowing in a defined channel. Nearly twenty-five years later the same Court, and, in the last resort, the House of Lords, defined certain other duties of landowners in the leading case of *Rylands v. Fletcher* on principles which savour more of Teutonic archaism than of Roman subtlety. Where the line shall be drawn between the rule of Marcellus and the rule of Lord Blackburn is a question that lately had to be faced by Mr. Justice Pearson, and is in a way, if we mistake not, to be dealt with by the Court of Appeal. Other parts of Mr. Roby's introduction are thoroughly practical, such as the full explanation of the many forms of abbreviation under which the Digest is cited by mediæval and modern authors, and the list of recommended books—a list which shows knowledge, not only of the standard Continental authorities which one expects to find cited, but of the most recent additions to the literature of the subject.

With regard to the selected title and the Commentary, Mr. Roby's notes incline, to say the least, to the more benignant extreme. He himself announces that they are "much longer and more numerous than would properly accompany an edition of the Digest, or of a large part of it"; and he has, in fact, made the title *De Usufructu* the vehicle of a great deal of miscellaneous civilian learning and discussion. But such has ever been the privilege of scholars. Now and then the exegetical notes appear to us needlessly elementary. A student who must be told that "si habeat unde utatur ligno" (l. 12, pr.) means "if he have other sources of supply of firewood" can hardly be Latinist enough to make much of the Digest even under Mr. Roby's guidance. One point in Mr. Roby's practice is open to more positive criticism—namely, the representation of Roman technical terms by English ones that are not really equivalent. An English injunction is not the same thing as a Roman interdict, but just so like and unlike it that by putting the one for the other we run some risk of confusing a learner's ideas. There is the less occasion to do this inasmuch as interdicts, both thing and name, are well known in the law of Scotland. So, again, our "tort" is a peculiarly English term, so peculiar and technical that it is anything but easy to give an accurate

definition of it; and we had much better leave it aside when we have to do with the obligations *ex delicto* of Roman law. On the other hand, there are places where language familiar in English law books, and of the kind which may be called semi-technical, might safely and conveniently be used in translating the Digest. Thus, "in perniciem proprietatis," carefully but a little clumsily rendered in Mr. Roby's note "to the ruin of the (bare) owner's interest," would be more elegantly and quite correctly turned "to the damage (or waste) of the inheritance." Then the "vir bonus," who is every now and then mentioned as the standard of conduct and prudence, is exactly the "reasonable man" who is no less frequent in those parts of our own law where positive legal rule shades off into moral and social appreciation of circumstances. We are not sure that "in many cases" gives quite the right shade of meaning for "in multis casibus"; we should prefer "for many purposes." "Case," in our technical sense, is not *casus* but *species*.

Once the language of the notes is misleading, apparently for want of familiarity with English forensic usage. Mr. Roby says that "negligence rarely comes under the Aquilian statute"; whereas almost every case under the *lex Aquilia* would be classed by English lawyers under the head of negligence. What is really meant, as the context and references show, is a default consisting in mere omission: and with that meaning the statement is correct. In Roman as well as English law a man is not liable for mere omissions unless he has by his own act undertaken a positive duty in the matter in hand, or is in some situation where an extraordinary degree of caution or diligence is required of him by some special rule. Only "negligence," in our technical use, is by no means confined to faults of omission. But we have few or no causes of actual dissent from Mr. Roby's explanations. We are surprised that he thinks "nocere debere" (l. 70 § 4) "a vague phrase"; it seems to us a regular and characteristic if not a technical one. Compare the well-known passage of Ulpian, D. 14, 4, 5 pr. (so well known as to have found its way into a judgment of Holt's and thence into English text-books of mercantile law):—"Procuratoris autem scientiam et dolum nocere debere domino neque Pomponius dubitat neque nos dubitamus." The meaning of *nocere* in this context is simply "to render liable"; and we cannot see how that meaning could have been better expressed.

On the whole, Mr. Roby and the Cambridge University Press have deserved exceeding well of all who care for the knowledge of Roman law in this country, and better than it is practicable to set forth in a non-technical journal.

MEMOIR OF LORD BLOOMFIELD.*

LADY BLOOMFIELD'S *Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life* were so graceful and interesting that the Memoir of her father-in-law, the first Lord Bloomfield, will be received with some disappointment. The title-page is not strictly accurate, for the journals which occupy all but a few pages of the book begin at the date when Lord Bloomfield had resigned the confidential office at Court which he had occupied for more than twenty years. Lady Bloomfield is probably well advised in suppressing any journals which may have been left by the King's private secretary; but the record of a long diplomatic residence at Stockholm, beginning sixty years ago, can scarcely attract or repay a lively curiosity. The main interest of the journals is derived from the frequent mention of Charles John XIV., who had by that time become familiar with the change from the rank of a marshal of France to that of a constitutional king. Lady Bloomfield borrows from a French writer called Sarrans Jeune a biographical sketch of Bernadotte; but, if the translation or abridgment does justice to the author, the younger Sarrans must be a singularly inaccurate historian. He says that in 1808 "Nelson bombarded Copenhagen, and took the whole Danish fleet." Nelson's famous battle of Copenhagen was fought in 1801; and he had been dead nearly two years when Lord Cathcart bombarded Copenhagen, not in 1808, but in July 1807. The writer adds that in 1808 there was much disaffection among the Spanish troops in the French army, and that when Admiral Hood appeared a large number embarked and joined the British fleet. The rescue of a large part of the Spanish contingent to the French army, then quartered in Jutland, was not caused by voluntary impulse or by disaffection in the ranks. The English fleet under Admiral Keats had been, at the instance of the Spanish Government, despatched for the express purpose of embarking the Marquis of Romana and his troops. Great difficulty occurred in opening communications with the Spanish general; but, as soon as he was informed of the arrival of the English fleet on the coast, Romana collected all the Spanish troops within reach, and succeeded in embarking between nine thousand and ten thousand men, who were immediately conveyed to a Spanish port. The remainder, who had been unavoidably left, were made prisoners by the Danes and by the French under Bernadotte.

Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, afterwards the first peer of the name, had served as an officer of artillery in America, and in Ireland during the Rebellion; and about the year 1796 he practically retired from active service in consequence of an acquaintance formed with the Prince of Wales, who is inaccurately, or prophetically, designated in the Memoir as Prince Regent. "There was music in the

* *An Introduction to the Study of Justinian's Digest; containing an account of its Composition, and of the Jurists used or referred to therein, together with a full Commentary on one Title (De Usufructu).* By Henry John Roby. Cambridge: University Press. 1884.

* *Memoir of Benjamin, Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B. &c.* Edited by Georgiana, Lady Bloomfield. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

evening; and Captain Bloomfield, who was a proficient on the violoncello, struck some chords on the instrument which delighted the Prince Regent, and this began a friendship that lasted uninterruptedly for twenty-seven years." After holding some minor offices in the Prince's household, he became Private Secretary and Privy Purse. From the mention of his entrance into the Prince's service, his biographer passes at one step to his appointment in 1823 as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Stockholm. The long interval was by far the most important part of Lord Bloomfield's career. He must have conducted many private and political negotiations between the Prince of Wales and the successive parties with which he allied himself; and during the eight years of the Regency and at the beginning of the reign of George IV. he was the confidential adviser and agent of the Sovereign. Lady Bloomfield may probably have good reason for describing as a friendship the intimate relations which existed between the Prince and his Private Secretary. It is at least certain that the dismissal of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield was caused by private and personal reasons. Mr. Croker, who was a guest at the Pavilion at Brighton about the time of the rupture, observed the alienation of the King from his former favourite, and had no difficulty in ascertaining the cause. Lady Conyngham, who had lately succeeded to the position formerly occupied by Lady Hertford, may perhaps have been jealous of the Private Secretary's influence; and either he made no effort to secure her good-will or he was unsuccessful. Mr. Canning, then Foreign Secretary and on the eve of forming a close alliance with the Royal favourite, facilitated a change which may perhaps have been agreeable to all parties, by providing Sir Benjamin Bloomfield with an honourable retreat in the Swedish Mission. Although he had no diplomatic experience, he was a veteran courtier, and if he had been required to transact serious political business, he would probably have been equal to the occasion. From the time of his retirement from the office of Private Secretary he seems to have had no communication with his former master; but it would appear that he regarded George IV. with respect and affection. On the occasion of a visit to the King of Sweden, he praises his "unaffected civility and cordiality; perhaps more grace might be exhibited, but at the same time, had I never seen our own King, George IV., in his salon, I should not make this remark." It is easy to believe that "the first gentleman in Europe," whose deportment at least was worthy of the title devised by his flatterers, was more graceful in manner than a provincial advocate's son, who had served for ten years as a private in the French army. In his letters to his wife during George IV.'s last illness, and after his death, Lord Bloomfield expresses anxiety and grief, which must undoubtedly have been sincere. He even finds a certain satisfaction, or, as he calls it, "balm to his feelings," in the fact that his son "watched" in some minor official capacity "the mortal remains of our benefactor, George IV." Before that time Lord Bloomfield had received through the agency of a Wesleyan minister strong religious impressions which gave a peculiar colour to the style of his family correspondence. During the latter part of his residence at Stockholm he refused to pay visits on Sundays; and an Appendix to the Journals consists chiefly of notes of sermons which he had heard from his favourite preacher, and which are very much like other sermons.

The diplomatic duties of the English Minister in Sweden appear not to have been severe. Under Mr. Canning's instructions, Lord Bloomfield obtained the adhesion of the Swedish Government to the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade, though the Swedish Ministers hesitated as to the prohibition of a non-existent traffic, on the ground that offenders were to be tried by a Mixed Commission at Sierra Leone, or some other African port. As they forcibly argued, their laws permitted no conviction of a Swedish subject by a partially foreign tribunal. The jurisdiction of the Mixed Commission could only be properly established by the Legislature; and it was notoriously difficult to obtain the assent of the four orders of Nobles, Clergy, Burghers, and Peasants to any innovation. The argument that no Swede was likely to engage in the obnoxious trade might not have been regarded by all the four Houses as conclusive; but eventually the King and the Cabinet assumed the responsibility of giving an invalid sanction to a treaty which was not expected or intended to come into practical operation. The King on this and other occasions professed devotion to the English alliance, and gratitude for the part which England had taken in maintaining his dynasty after the end of the great war. It was not worth while to refuse such a Minister as Mr. Canning the gratification of making slave-trade treaties complete and symmetrical. A more practical subject of negotiation was found in the tariffs by which the trade in English manufactured goods and in Baltic timber was on either side interrupted and discouraged. Several despatches, written at different times on commercial points, are included in the present compilation; but the most resolute student of the history and statistics of commerce might shrink from an examination of the duties imposed on various articles by large and small European States sixty years ago. The famous twenty per cent. which Mr. Canning "clapped on Dutch bottoms" is sole record of a wilderness of commercial negotiations. It is enough to observe that Lord Bloomfield writes to the Foreign Office in the tone of a business-like diplomatist, who uses any social opportunities which may arise for the promotion of the objects which his employers wish to attain. The accounts of his personal relations with the Court and the society of Sweden are always pleasant and cheerful. It is evident that he possessed the tact and the temper of an accom-

plished man of the world; and probably Bernadotte, though he was himself deficient in the grace which distinguished George IV., may have appreciated the manners and the conversation of a foreign Minister who had spent the best part of his life in the centre of a brilliant Court. Lord Bloomfield seems to have taken so genuine a pleasure in the intercourse of society that he must have made himself popular in his turn. During a visit to Russia, of which there is a full account, he received from the Imperial family and from the principal nobility the same kind of cordial attention to which he was accustomed in Sweden.

It must have been more interesting to listen to Bernadotte's early reminiscences than to exchange with him assurances of international confidence and friendship. The King more than once told Lord Bloomfield that in the time of the Directorate he had always urged on Barras and his colleagues the expediency of attacking England through Ireland. He was himself to have commanded the abortive expedition which ultimately subsided into the trifling enterprise of Humbert. It is well that the experiment of an Irish invasion was not tried on a larger scale; but the maritime supremacy of England would probably have enabled the Government to intercept the communications of a French army in Ireland. An invading force would in the first instance have had to defend itself against its barbarous allies. Humbert and his small army were glad to surrender to regular troops, after a short experience of native auxiliaries. Bernadotte sometimes added the statement that he and his political associates were anxious to conclude peace with England. The contumacious dismissal of Lord Malmesbury from Paris in 1796, and the rupture of the negotiation with the same statesman at Lille in the following year, prove that the section of the Directory which included Bernadotte's friend Barras was obstinately opposed to the conclusion of peace; but perhaps Bernadotte, when he was Minister of War under the Directory, may have himself inclined to the policy of Barthélémy and Carnot, who were driven from power by the revolution of Fructidor. It is certain that both in 1796 and 1797 Pitt was determined to make peace; but he found that the enterprise was impossible, even at the cost of losing the services of Lord Grenville.

At the time of Lord Bloomfield's mission the Swedish people, still smarting under the recent invasion and conquest of Finland, were thoroughly hostile to Russia. The King's repeated professions of exclusive attachment to England were intended to convince his hearers that he shared the national feeling. It is curious to notice the tacit and universal assumption that the two countries were necessary and inveterate rivals. Bernadotte, perhaps, professed too much, and he never commanded implicit belief on the part of the English Minister. The marriage of his son to a Princess of Leuchtenberg connected him with the Imperial family of Russia; and after the death of Alexander I., with whom his relations had formerly not been cordial, the Emperor Nicholas found an early occasion to win his friendship and confidence. Prince Gustavus, son of the dethroned Gustavus IV., was about to marry Princess Marianne of Orange, and the King of the Netherlands proposed to recognize his title as Prince of Sweden. Bernadotte, in a fit of extreme irritation and alarm, protested against a measure which, as he apprehended, involved a denial of his right to the Swedish throne. In answer to his remonstrance the other Courts of Europe treated the Dutch proceeding as a matter of little importance, contenting themselves with assurances that they had no intention of disturbing the settlement of 1815. Nicholas alone declared that he would never recognize Gustavus as a Swedish prince, and the King of Sweden from that time exhibited to the Emperor a feeling of devotion which seemed to imply that his gratitude had been earned by some substantial benefit. During the war with Turkey, which began soon afterwards, the Emperor adroitly informed the King of the plans of the campaign, and professed gratification at the approval which he elicited from so great a master of the art of war. Although Bernadotte continued to treat Lord Bloomfield with civility and attention, he entirely failed to persuade him that Russian proclivities were compatible with a sincere regard for the English alliance. During the Polish rebellion, which immediately followed the Peace of Adrianople, the King of Sweden was still more heartily engaged on the side of Russia, but it was not surprising that a King who had been a fortunate adventurer should disapprove of a popular insurrection, however legitimate. The hesitations and decisions of a potentate of the second rank in the earlier years of the long European peace throw an occasional light on the political history of the time. Lord Bloomfield is a trustworthy chronicler of the events which occurred during his ten years' residence at Stockholm. He was recalled in 1833, and was appointed Commandant at Woolwich. After resigning his command, he survived till 1846, and before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing his son in high diplomatic employment.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FLY-FISHING.*

MANY very pleasant books have been published this season—reminiscences full of anecdote of fair women and distinguished men. It may be a despicable confession, but we are compelled to admit that we prefer to these Dr. Hamilton's reminiscences of salmon he has met, and trout and sea-trout with whom he has been on intimate terms. This preference many fishers will feel, we think, and Dr. Hamilton's "Recollections" ought to be a great favourite

* *Recollections of Fly-Fishing.* By Edward Hamilton, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

with contemplative men. The book is a very pretty one, especially in the large-paper edition, limited to a hundred copies. Mr. Seymour Haden contributes a pleasant mezzotint of a salmon river, a "stream that flashes white," beneath dark, wet woods, and a soft, windy, cloudy sky. There is the native land of the angler's soul. There are woodcuts, also, representing Highland lochs and Lowland rivers like the Test. Dr. Hamilton writes in a good angling style—good, and not too good—with an agreeable laxity, here and there, in his English. He has fished much for forty years, and he has fished in the best places—the lochs and streams of the West Highlands (where, as the Doctor says, it never rains half enough), and in the clear, slow waters like Itchen and Kennet. Dr. Hamilton became a fisher in an odd way; the accident, we fear, is not likely to occur again. Forty-two years ago he bought the whole equipment of an angler at a sale by auction, in Edinburgh, for half a guinea. The magnificence of the bargain led to this investment, for he was not then a fisher. Walking one day by the now sadly-polluted Fifeshire Eden, he saw a man catch several sea-trout. Next day he took out his bargain, rigged a cast up as heaven pleased, and, of course, began by flicking off flies, and catching them in bushes, and getting the line into odd knots. By a fluke he made a decent cast, and caught a good sea-trout. From that day he also was an angler. Whatever the Eden may be, near the mouth, in February and March, we think that in autumn Dr. Hamilton would now find it taxed all his experience and skill. There are good trout therein, but they are sorely harried by marmalade-makers from Dundee, while the whole unemployed population of Cupar is never off the water. Dr. Hamilton's book begins with a chapter on salmon-fishing. His anecdotes are remarkable, even among anglers' tales. For example, his top-joint once sailed down the line and stuck in the fish's mouth, whereby the unlucky animal was choked. He has seen salmon jump out on dry land, and one of his friends has had an equal unexpected fortune in the Ribble; and in the Laxford has gaffed an unhurt fish which had been reduced to a comatose condition by a big bird. Dr. Hamilton himself has lost a trout after a struggle, has seen him make straight to his feeding ground and begin rising again, and has then cast over, raised, hooked, and landed this glutton. More amazing yet was the Doctor's success with a tin tube of painter's colours. He observed fish taking the minnow, and he had no artificial minnows in his possession. A friend, however, was painting hard by. Dr. Hamilton borrowed one of the bright tin tubes, adapted it to his tackle, and therewith captured three large trout.

Anecdote is not Dr. Hamilton's only forte. He has also chapters on natural history, and pleasant bits of description of landscape. One delicious day with sea-trout and wild-duck on an Argyleshire loch makes the heart sick to think how many months lie between us and the chance of those enjoyments. Among the "wrinkles" which Dr. Hamilton offers, the following is worth remembering:—"When the water is very bright and clear in the pools many a fish may be hooked and landed by allowing the fly to sink as deep as you can, and then slowly sink and draw, never bringing the fly to the surface. You see a movement in the water, a swirl and twist, and your line tightens." Unlike most men (but with practical reason for his opinion), Dr. Hamilton prefers a dark fly on a dark day, a bright fly on a bright day. His remarks on flies, both for trout and salmon, are to the point, and not too long. He has found Mr. Herbert Spencer's reversed hackles pay on one loch; but the ordinary pre-scientific hackles are good enough for our turn. We entirely agree with Dr. Hamilton's view of the beak of the salmon. It is not so much intended to dig a hole in the ground with, wherein ova may be deposited, as to pitch into other salmon with; for salmon are as jealous as stags, and fight with much ferocity and determination, "and in this way many a male salmon is killed." Nothing can be more curious and entertaining, in its way, than one of these water duels, which the fish wage regardless of the presence of spectators. Dr. Hamilton's remarks on gut, which in trout-fishing should be fine, but not too fine, are equally worthy of attention. He likes to be able to haul a trout, the moment it is hooked, across the weeds into clear water, and very fine gut will not stand this. At the same time it is true that very fine gut will stand an *equable* strain beyond what could be expected, as we have proved in the case of sea-trout in Highland lochs. When there is no breeze, or next to none, on a loch, there is still a chance with fine gut, if the angler remembers that it is fine, and does not act as if he were using his ordinary stout tackle. Dr. Hamilton's book reminds one of so many delightful sights and sounds—the first view of the dark, wind-ruffled loch waters, the keen smell of bog-myrtle and peat in the Highland air, the cry and flight of birds, the clear stretches of Kennet, where the tiny circles tell of rising trout—that we leave it with regret; cordially recommending it to all good men, and wishing them no worse sport than that which the author so charmingly describes. A pleasanter book on a pleasanter topic has not been published for years.

SKETCHING RAMBLES IN HOLLAND.*

IN a pleasantly-written preface Mr. Boughton explains to us the lucky accident to which we are indebted for the existence of his book—how the friend who was to have undertaken the

* *Sketching Rambles in Holland.* By George H. Boughton, A.R.A. With Illustrations by the Author and Edwin A. Abbey. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

writing of it did not turn up, and how, finally, he undertook to write it himself. Amongst others, one rare grace has been bestowed upon him—that of knowing how to stick to his subject. The reader who searches for any eloquent flights, or who expects to meet with anything like profound art criticism in his pages, will be disappointed. The author has given us simply the record of a sketching tour, and tells us directly and pleasantly of what he went to see and the manner in which he saw it. A master of the art of taking "croquis," Mr. Boughton never has his pencil and book out of his hands, and begins to record his impressions before he steps ashore. A delay at a railway station, a quiet street corner, or a snug seat in a *café*, all furnish opportunities by which he is not slow to profit, and which he turns to account in a way which may well make us grateful to him. Take, for example, the quaint little thumb-nail hint of a first impression of the Dutch coast, which he accompanies with a few well-chosen words at the beginning of the first chapter which we cannot resist quoting:—

A very large opal on the inside of a mother-of-pearl shell would make a good background for this thin strip of distant Holland that lies blinking away in the early morning light. A long, narrow ribbon of a picture it makes, with its little spots and dots and splashes of colour here and there, accidental here and methodical there, as if part of a pattern.

The book is full of such pleasant little hints, which one feels to have been written by a painter, and which have the same qualities of simplicity and directness which should always be present in a rapid study from nature. But it is with the illustrations that we are chiefly occupied, and when such masters of their craft as Mr. Boughton and Mr. Abbey take such work in hand it is needless to add that the occupation is a pleasant one. Many widely different scenes are brought before us, among which we take at random Mr. Abbey's deliciously humorous sketch of "The Dordrecht Fire Department," with the venerable fire-engine, which had to be moved "gently for fear of internal injury," and Mr. Boughton's "Potato-Gatherers," a fine study of women at work in a field on a sombre day. The same artist's "Small Citizens," a group of broad-breeched urchins standing on a quay, is admirable alike in artistic feeling and in humorous perception. But of selecting there would be no end, and it is not our intention to discourse overmuch on a book which should be in many hands ere long. Mr. Boughton's description of Marken simply makes one long to be there. The inhabitants, their quaint costumes and ways, and the pleasant corners where they congregate, are all brought vividly before us; and Mr. Boughton's pencil has not been idle, although selection must have been hard work in the midst of such alluring motives. By no means the least successful of Mr. Boughton's endeavours as a writer is his portrayal of the courier Jacob, who seems to have proved himself a sort of portly archangel among couriers, and to whose guidance the sketchers were greatly indebted for many pleasant sights and much information of an eminently curious nature. Howbeit they suffered at times from his wild enthusiasm for innovation and his uncontrollable desire to "schouw" them petroleum works and other such abominations to the artistic eye. This brings us to a sad sign of the times, which Mr. Boughton has not allowed to escape him, and of which he speaks in feeling terms. We refer to the rapid spread in Holland of the modern French suburban villa, with its disastrous white walls and mansard roof. The melancholy little garden in which the retired Parisian grocer delights has also been transplanted bodily in all its repulsive bleakness and monotony. Neither have tramways, asphalt roads, or spick-and-span boulevards refrained from bringing their baneful influence to bear on some of the choicest of the old Dutch towns. In fact, it seems as if those who want to see the best of Holland had better make haste to visit the country before it has completely surrendered itself to the rampant vulgarity of modern improvements. Of some places, however, Mr. Boughton tells us where the inhabitants show a wholesome conservative instinct, even to the point of objecting to receive strangers in the hotels. Such a place we would fain visit, and for principle's sake we would spend the night in the streets without a murmur. One of the most curious things to note in Mr. Boughton's account of the people is the way in which in some parts of Holland they have striven to combine their own picturesque costume with more or less modern Parisian notions of dress, and we have before us a charming drawing of a pleasant old lady, wearing a Paris bonnet over the sort of gold helmet which was her natural head-dress. Concerning the picture galleries Mr. Boughton discourses little, or, we might almost say, not at all. He is entirely taken up with the life he saw round him and the buildings he visited. Yet he has been unable to refrain from a few shrewd hits at other men. "Aesthetes" and uncompromising realists are alike made to bear a blow from him, and we must add that he divides his blows with such a strict impartiality that it is impossible to say which of these sharply contrasted classes of men is the most odious to him. His descriptions and sketches of the dykes and the wretched villages protected by them are alike impressive, and give one a keen feeling of danger unquestioningly accepted and perseveringly ward off. To return to the illustrations. We cannot in the main praise them too highly, and with Mr. Abbey's work we have no fault to find. But Mr. Boughton must forgive us if we take exception to his treatment of the hands and arms in some of his drawings. "As we sketched her," a figure of a girl hanging up linen, is the worst instance of his shortcomings in this respect. And, after all, this defect may well be indulgently spoken of where the general effect is throughout so excellent.

MRS. HUNT'S GRIMM.*

BECAUSE we have many versions of the Grimms' *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, from that which Cruikshank informed with fantasy to the later volume with Mr. Crane's romantic designs, people are apt to think that the Grimms' famous work has been translated. It had not, till Mrs. Hunt produced the very serious and conscientious piece of work that lies before us in two stout, though handy, volumes. We have previously had only extracts from Grimm, without the rich collection of variants and of multifarious learning which were reserved for the notes. Any one who wanted to use his Grimm scientifically had to wear his eyes out over the close and crabbed Teutonic type that was invented for the profit of spectacle-makers. Mrs. Hunt has made most of this labour for ever unnecessary among English-speaking people, though doubtless scholars will always wish to have the original version beside them for purposes of comparison. The labour of the task is immense. The Grimms spared no amount of repetition; their references have often to be verified with difficulty, and they were not consistent in their spelling of proper names. Various *patois*, too, had to be attacked and conquered by the translator. She has adhered to "that form of each name for which the authors themselves showed most preference," and she could hardly be expected to occupy her already crowded space with a list of reasons for this or that spelling. To previous versions Mrs. Hunt has added several hundred pages, in close type, of the author's notes, and this alone would give her translation an incomparable value for purposes of study and research. We have learned a great many alien and outlandish *Märchen* since the Grimms' time. Any one who writes on *The Frog King* or *Iron Henry*, must compare, not only the Indian variants, and the Bheki legend, dear to Sir George Cox as "the Sun frog," but also the stories of frogs who befriend girls in Callaway's *Tales of the Amazulu*. Grimm was also unaware of the complete Scottish variant as given by Chambers. The translator might have added these new-found ancient instances, but then her two volumes must have waxed into three. An edition of Grimm by Köhler and Liebrecht, with aid from Mr. Ralston, would be invaluable to the mythologist, but would certainly occupy a good deal of room on our shelves. The *Wolf and Kid*, again, has negro variants, in *Uncle Remus*, and among the Kaffirs, in Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*, while the "root idea" of swallowing beings later disgorged alive appears to exist in every mythology in the world. Some curious and not very plausible remarks on the topic will be found in Mr. Fitzgerald's essay on Celtic Myths, in the October number of the *Revue Celtique*. Grimm does not (i. 349) notice these facts in this place. Rapunzel, again, was almost certainly known to Tertullian, but this also is omitted by Grimm. The new introduction, however, contains a considerable number of references to collections made since the time of Grimm in non-European countries.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the notes is the bibliography of works on *Märchen*, or containing *Märchen*, known to Grimm. This is useful both for what it gives and for what it omits. Thus, while we have just been made happy with Mr. Leland's *Algonquin Tales*, Grimm reminds us of James Ahearn Jones's *Tales of an Indian Camp* (second edition, 1830). From Africa Grimm had only what Casalis collected, and a few stories in books of travel. He knew not Theal, Hahn, Callaway, and the labours of the South African Folklore Society, while he had but very few Japanese and Chinese examples, nor anything like Maspero's *Ancient Egypt Tales*, nor our lately-acquired treasures from the South Seas; nor, again, did he know the old Central American *Märchen* in such authors as Christoval de Moluna. The Eskimo and the Samoyeds were also sealed sources of *Märchen*; so Grimm had to base his conclusions as to the origin and diffusion of myth on a comparatively limited number of examples.

"Do not the self-same stories," he says, "crop up again in places most widely remote from each other, like a spring which forces its way up in spots which lie apart?" This is the problem, and we know, even better than Grimm, at what widely separate places the fountain forces its way to the surface in Japan, Siberia, Greenland, Samoa, the Cape, Egypt, Greece, and so forth. "How can we explain the fact of a story in a lonely mountain village in Hesse resembling one in India, Greece, or Servia?" If that were all the question, as it seemed to be in Grimm's time, the answer would be ready. The ancestors of the Hesse villagers dwelt with the ancestors of Greeks and Indians together, in "the common cradle of the Aryan race." All carried their common story about in their wanderings, and there is the problem solved. But the Samoyeds and Negroes and Kaffirs and ancient Egyptians and Peruvians have, or had, the same *Märchen*, and they surely did not share the cradle of the Aryan race. There is the point at which the problem grows puzzling, and we must solve it as we can. Sometimes the identical tale is based on phenomena of nature themselves identical, and suggesting similar ideas to minds in the same barbaric condition. Sometimes, again, the tale illustrates and enforces a widespread custom, like *Jüngsten Recht*, and then the *Märchen* may have been evolved wherever the custom has prevailed. Thirdly, no one can tell to what extent tales have been carried about and diffused in the course of very early commerce, travel, and migrations. Lastly, all the wild and improbable incidents of the tales, absurd as they seem to us, are

the commonplaces of thought and belief among uncivilized races. Thus, where so many causes combine, and all are aided by the extraordinary sameness of the workings of the human mind in its backward and early stages, we need not be so much surprised at the worldwide identity of the primitive novels. Finally, the old savage *Märchen* are taken up into the atmosphere of art as a nation advances. The legend that is still rough and monstrous in the kraals of Kaffirs or the delved cabins of Eskimo becomes heroic in the hands of Homer or the author of the *Argonautica*. Grimm compares the similar evolution of another art. "Sculpture also passes onward much in the same way, from the strongly-marked, thin, even ugly, but highly expressive, forms of its earliest stages to those which express external beauty of mould." He might have added that, just as primeval sculpture and design deal most successfully with animal shapes, birds and beasts, and only late do the arts acquire mastery of the human form, so early *Märchen* and myths represent the heroes and gods by preference in animal guise; and, even in Greece, the gods find it difficult to "work out the beast and let the ape and tiger die." From zoomorphism to anthropomorphism, from the lower to the highest forms of life, that is the law of evolution which governs the choice of heroes and gods in myth. On the whole topic Grimm's remarks are full of excellent sense. We have again to thank Mrs. Hunt for making them current coin in England, and also for her excellent index.

LANG'S CUSTOM AND MYTH.*

THE essential purpose of Mr. Lang's book is to plead for, or, if that term be thought too deferential, to uphold, a new method in the study of mythology as against the method which is at present in favour with the philologists. Mr. Lang—to put it plainly—does not believe in the philologists as the interpreters of myths. He would have mythology treated more from the ethnological point of view. The beliefs, the stories, and the customs of savages give, he thinks, the best comment upon what is obscure in the beliefs and myths of higher races, even when the latter come from the mouth of a people so far advanced in culture as the Greeks. It is, indeed, especially to the interpretation of Greek mythology that Mr. Lang applies himself. It need not be said that in this field he is thoroughly at home. He is not less so in the creeds and traditions of savage life, as these are preserved in the records of travellers or of missionaries. It is hardly likely that many of Mr. Lang's critics or opponents will rival him in his acquaintance with this latter class of literature, which in the hands of Mr. Lang loses the dryness that naturally belongs to it. To the execution of his task he brings a pleasant brightness of style, for which those who know his writings will be prepared, but which is not the less a novelty in a learned treatise. He himself apologizes for the controversial tone of many of the articles. But we suspect the reader would not willingly have spared these passages.

And then, again, in his main theory Mr. Lang is right, which is a great matter. We, at least, have always maintained the view, and we see no reason to change our opinion, that the irrational parts of any creed are in all probability survivals from some earlier condition of that creed, just as much as the *irrational* parts of an organism are the survivals from some earlier organism in which they had a recognized place. Mr. Lang has, in fact, this advantage, that he frankly and freely applies to the morphology of belief the principles which are applied to the morphology of other more physical growths. Preceding interpreters, if they have done the same, have done it grudgingly and of necessity. This is, of course, partly the advantage merely of writing later than they, of being the heir of progress.

It is this last consideration to which we think Mr. Lang is not sufficiently alive. It is all very well to be right; but it is best on the whole, if you are so, to give Heaven thanks and make no boast of it. Not, indeed, that Mr. Lang does boast. But we think he shuts his eyes too much to the value of the researches which have not happened to follow upon the lines which he would have them take. Something of the prejudice of the controversialist does adhere to him in despite of the genial way in which it is expressed. It is not hard to see that he cannot away with the etymologists. Their doings are an abomination unto him. He is always whipping out his rapier to give them a thrust.

But it is not always an argument against an etymological explanation of a myth that it seems so much more roundabout than a commonplace one, though the fact affords a great temptation to the critic of such methods. It is like the jokes which were once current against the antiquarians. It seemed so much more natural to the outsider that the mark on the stone should have been made by any casual Bill Stumps, and it was so difficult for the antiquary to show all the reasons which made the simpler explanation inadmissible. Let us take one example of the philological method. Pausanias tells us that there was at Sparta an image of Artemis called Artemis Knagia, and that the way it got the name was from a certain Knageus, who, having been taken prisoner in battle and brought to Crete, contrived to fall in love with the priestess of Artemis there, and ended by eloping with her, and carrying off the image of the goddess to his native Sparta. There is nothing unnatural in this story, why should we not accept it? But the philologists tell us

* Grimm's *Household Tales*. With the Author's Notes. Translated from the German, and edited by Margaret Hunt. With an Introduction by A. Lang. London: George Bell & Sons. 1884.

* *Custom and Myth: Studies of Early Usage and Belief*. By Andrew Lang, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College. 1884.

that it is all a sham, and that the real meaning of Knagia is *kynagia*, the hunteess; that all the story of Knageus was invented after Kynagia had got corrupted into Knagia. And, oddly enough, the philologists are right. This is an instance of that very myth-making through decay of language against a belief in which Mr. Lang fights tooth and nail. In truth, where we think that Mr. Lang's prejudice most appears is in his dealing with the subject of Nature-worship. He looks upon it as the especial child of the philological school, and (we cannot but fancy) feels a grudge against it on that account. Thus, when he meets with a divinity who by his name or from any other evidence appears to have been once an animal, he runs out to meet him, as it were, half way. When he comes across one who seems on evidence equally good to have once been the sun or the sky, he seems inclined to fall back upon Mr. Spencer's Euhemerist doctrines, and tell us that he was not after all thought actually to be the sun or the sky, but was probably a medicine-man who controlled these phenomena. Now what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Mr. Spencer's animal gods were once men who took animal names. Mr. Lang will not accept that theory; why should he accept the corresponding one for the nature-gods?

Though many of the chapters of Mr. Lang's book were first written for separate publication, they all have a distinct place in illustrating his main thesis; and, lest their full application should not be seized, Mr. Lang points out in his preface the link in his argument which each is designed to supply. The first eight are most strictly to the point. They are respectively upon the method of folklore; the bull-roarer (an instrument of almost universal use, and among savage nations associated with the celebration of mysteries, and which, by the way, he ingeniously suggests is really the *mystica vannus Iacchi*, so puzzling to the commentators on Virgil); the myth of Cronus; Cupid, Psyche, and the sun-frog; a far-travelled tale (essentially the story of Jason); Apollo and the mouse: how the stars got their names. The two last deal with what is among Mr. Lang's favourite subjects—animal-worship, and the supposed descent of families from different species of animals. On this head he has also many fruitful suggestions to make in a later chapter, "On the Early History of the Family." The last of this first batch, and to our thinking one of the best, is on moly and mandragora. It is in explaining the irrational parts of a belief—his most immediate object—that Mr. Lang's method is conspicuously successful. We do not think that any twelve men of known probity and honour—to fulfil Paley's conditions and those of our English law—who were unbiassed by a previous study of mythology, could decide otherwise than in favour of Mr. Lang's explanation of all that is particularly barbarous and revolting in the story of Cronus. As he hints, the difficulty in the way of showing how natural such stories are among men in a low state of culture lies simply in the difficulty of repeating them in the ears of civilized men.

Mr. Lang tells us in his preface that the chapters of this book are only "the chips from a neolithic workshop," thrown off in the preparation of a completer work. But at the same time he expresses the fear that his "key to all the mythologies" may go the way of Mr. Casaubon's. We earnestly hope that there is no danger of this. There is evidence in these pages that Mr. Lang has collected a large mass of material from fields in which, as we have said, there is not likely at any time to be a superfluity of workers. He has shown great judgment in the use of his materials; we have not pretended to say that he is entirely free from prejudices; that would, as our present experience of mythologists goes, be to say that he was more than mortal. As Mr. Brooke would say, if you "go into" this branch of study, it is sure to "carry you too far" in some direction or other. There is a Circe spell lingering about it against which not even Mr. Lang's "moly" is always efficacious. But his book is learned, brilliant, and suggestive in a high degree, and it would be an irretrievable misfortune if lack of leisure or any other cause intervened between his larger work and its completion.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. Taine (1) pursues steadily, and without deviation, his appointed task of shattering the democratic legend; and there may reasonably be more joy in minds capable of judging over this one sheep that has returned to the true political and historical fold than over a hundred respectable Alisons. It is, perhaps, some twenty years since M. Taine, half amused, half wroth, complained of Mr. Carlyle for transforming into a new apocalypse the history of "ces événements si nets que nous connaissons tous"—the events of the French Revolution. At that time it is pretty clear M. Taine himself did not know those "événements si nets." He has spent the greater part of the twenty years in learning something about them, and his tone is not a little altered. The "événements" have as clearly ceased to be *nets* as the hands of their producers have ceased to be *nettes* in M. Taine's estimation. The wonder of the hellish transformation scene has grown on him exactly as the horror of it has grown. He has not in the least lost his faculty of judgment; indeed that faculty is never so much lost as when men glibly profess that there is no real occasion for exerting it, and that anybody can understand and everybody ought to acquiesce. In noticing this last volume of his work, it is unnecessary to attempt

to formulate his final summing-up; it is only desirable to indicate his treatment of particular parts of the evidence. The part with which he is here specially busied is the period of Jacobin domination, the brief and bloody Carmagnole that preceded Thermidor. He has shown by irrefragable, though not novel, proofs and with sufficient eloquence what Jacobinism—that is to say, logical democracy *in excelsis* or *in infinitis*—brought about. The elaborate triptych in which he represents the three leaders—Marat, Danton, and Robespierre—is perhaps the most striking part of the picture, but it is by no means the most important part. All these men had strong idiosyncrasies, and gave nearly as much as they took. The true effect of democracy rampant is much better visible (and M. Taine has certainly avoided any reproach on the score of obscuring it) in the doings and sayings of the minor *représentants* who proved the superiority of democracy to aristocracy by out-Heroding Gilles de Retz and the Bastard of Vaurus. Many of these, it must be remembered, were quite ordinary persons of whom in some cases (where they escaped the guillotine) it is recorded that they once more became easygoing and respectable members of *bourgeois* society. It is also shown in the general tableau of the condition of France, centralized to the point of utter extinction of local life; bullied and plundered as the most tyrannical *lieutenant* and the greediest *fermier* had never dared to bully and plunder it; administered corruptly from the highest to the lowest stratum of the bureaucracy; protected against her external enemies not in the least (as the lying legend has it, among its other lies) by the vigour of Republican enthusiasm, but simply by the incapacity of those enemies themselves. We are not concerned at present with the question whether M. Taine has written that final history of the French Revolution which must be written some day. Perhaps he still treats the matter in what some of our contemporaries would probably call too "essayistic" a fashion, with a superabundance of exposition as compared with narration, of talk as compared with fact. But he has unquestionably made a long step forwards towards such a history, and an indispensable contribution to it. We do not at this moment remember whether his work is being translated; but there are not many books which at the present moment (when Englishmen are being bidden to admire and follow pinchbeck Robespierres and college-scout Marats, and to put at their disposal new and untried political forces) are better worth Englishmen's attention.

We have before us no less than three of the excellent historical monographs which French scholars now produce in such numbers, and we are only sorry that space makes it impossible for us to give each a detailed notice. M. de Bremond d'Ar's notice of Jean de Vivonne, Marquis de Pisani, father of Mme. de Rambouillet, and a diplomatist and soldier of some note about the meeting of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (2), has reached its second edition, and deservedly, for it is both interesting and an excellent specimen of its kind in point of research. M. de la Gard's account of the last struggles of the Huguenots of the South under Rohan against Richelieu (3) is more of an essay and less full of fact, at least cited and detailed fact; but it is meritorious and useful. M. Masson's sketch of the career of the Cardinal de Bernis (4) after his loss of office was needed to supplement his former book on the subject, and deals at length with a matter of great interest, the suppression of the Jesuits. M. Masson handles with some minuteness the disputed question as to the death of Gangarelli, and decides against the hypothesis of poison. But we are bound to say that he brings forward no testimony of fact to support his opinion, and that his arguments from probability seem to us the reverse of conclusive. Far be it from us to say that Clement XIV. perished A. M. D. G. in the peculiar and restricted sense. We only say that the likelihood of his having met such an end is not much weakened by M. Masson's argument.

Certain evil men having tried to bully or blackmail M. Zola by threats of reprinting his early pot-boilers, he has pluckily reprinted one of them himself. *Les mystères de Marseille* (5) is not a masterpiece, but we have seen worse things of the *roman feuilleton* kind; and we venture to think it a great pity that the author has not stuck to the style. By the way, there is a curious misprint in the preface. M. Zola says that bad people "ont inventé que j'avais à rougir de mes premiers travaux." Of course *premiers* should read *derniers*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SO much dangerous or sentimental rubbish is being talked to working-men in these days, that it is a pleasure to come across a book like Mr. Wylie's *Labour, Leisure, and Luxury* (Longmans & Co.). The author is a friend of the working classes in the best sense. He is an employer of labour who feels that he has other duties to perform to his hands besides paying them wages. He speaks with the authority of experience, and also with sympathy. Mr. Wylie's sympathy is not of the easy kind which tries to serve the poor by promising to lead them to

(1) *Jean de Vivonne. Par le vicomte Guy de Bremond d'Ar.* Paris: Plon.

(2) *Le duc de Rohan et les Protestants. Par H. de la Gard.* Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le cardinal de Bernis depuis son ministère. Par F. Masson.* Paris: Plon.

(4) *Les mystères de Marseille. Par Emile Zola.* Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Les origines de la France contemporaine—La révolution. Tome II. Le gouvernement révolutionnaire.* Par H. Taine. Paris: Hachette.

a land of Cockayne through a wilderness of plunder. Much the reverse. Like a sensible man, he insists all along that no permanent good can be done to any of us except what we do to ourselves. He preaches the sound old moral that the working class can only improve their position by exercising the virtues of industry and frugality. At the same time he does not confine himself to barren moralizing, nor does he deny that much may be done by the State to give the workman a fair field, and to save the weaker toilers, particularly the women and children, from the baser kind of employer. In his chapter on "The Acquisition of Property by the Working Classes" he shows how, by the practice of a little care and foresight, a workman may get possession of a house and secure an annuity in his old age. Even when Mr. Wylie comments, as he does at some length, on the "luxury" of the vulgar rich, he never fails to show that there is another side to the question, and that the workman also spends too much on his pleasures and can be very heartlessly selfish.

Mr. W. Powell James's *From Source to Sea* (London: Griffin & Co.) is excellent reading for "grown-ups"; but it would be even better employed in the hands of an intelligent boy or girl who was no longer very little. We wish he had simply called his book "The River," which describes it properly, instead of giving it its present rather sham title; but that is a matter of detail. Mr. James begins at the beginning by showing what a river is and how it comes to be formed. Then he shows how it affects the form of the land. Having got his river, the author then gives a series of chapters on individual rivers, their scenery, their "relation to History," and some of the superstitions connected with them. He does not confine himself to visible rivers, but also gives a chapter on some of the streams which exist only in fable, mostly in the lower world. Then, after discussing the vegetable and animal life of rivers, and the various ways in which they are influenced by human industry, he finally gives two chapters on the names of rivers in general and of British rivers. As will be seen, this is a book of popular science, a kind of literature which has lately shown a tendency to become superabundant and gushing. Mr. James, however, does not gush, but deals with his subject in a rational, easy way in good English; and when he wishes to enliven the science, does it by apt quotation of good poetry, mostly classical. His book deserves an extensive popularity.

Mr. Peach's *Historic Houses in Bath*, Part II. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) is a book to dip into at intervals. The task of reading it through would be enough to reduce the strongest head in the three kingdoms to a state of painful bewilderment. The author takes an historic house, and then simply heaps anecdotes on it. A good few of them are worth reading, and every now and then one comes upon a story which, if it is not very new, is good. Nevertheless there is something tiring in skipping about from one generation to another and from one man to another in an inconsequent jerky way.

Miss Annabel Grey, who can already show a list of "original works" rather longer than Dumas's, has added two new ones under the title of *Musical Snakes* (John & Robert Maxwell). They are reasonably good specimens of the kind of tale which rejoices the heart of subscribers to the *London Miscellany* and the *Family Herald*. They abound in nobles in trouble, dukes in disguise, lovely damsels, shocking villains, and snow-white virtue.

The last addition to "Morley's Universal Library" (George Routledge & Sons) is a volume containing *Candide* and *Rasselas*. It is provided with the usual introduction by Dr. H. Morley, which in this case is far too brief to be of any value, and, short as it is, much of it is wasted in general consideration to the exclusion of useful facts. The editor would have done better to talk less at large about the eighteenth century and say more about the life of Voltaire.

The third volume of a translation of Rosmini's *Origin of Ideas* is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. No. 8 of *Eastward-Ho* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) contains, among other articles on the East End of London, Mr. W. Besant's lecture on "Art and the People."

Our list of new editions includes a third edition of *The Sankhya Aphorisms of India* (Trübner & Co.), a third edition of Captain Abbott's *Narrative of a Journey from Herat to Khiva, Moscow and St. Petersburg* (W. H. Allen & Co.), a second edition of Mathieson's *Vade-mecum for Investors* (Effingham Wilson). Particular mention is due to the very well printed new edition of Charles Kingsley's Poems in two volumes (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also to notice the continuation and completion, in six volumes, of the excellently got up library edition of Poe's Works, edited by Mr. Stoddard, and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

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